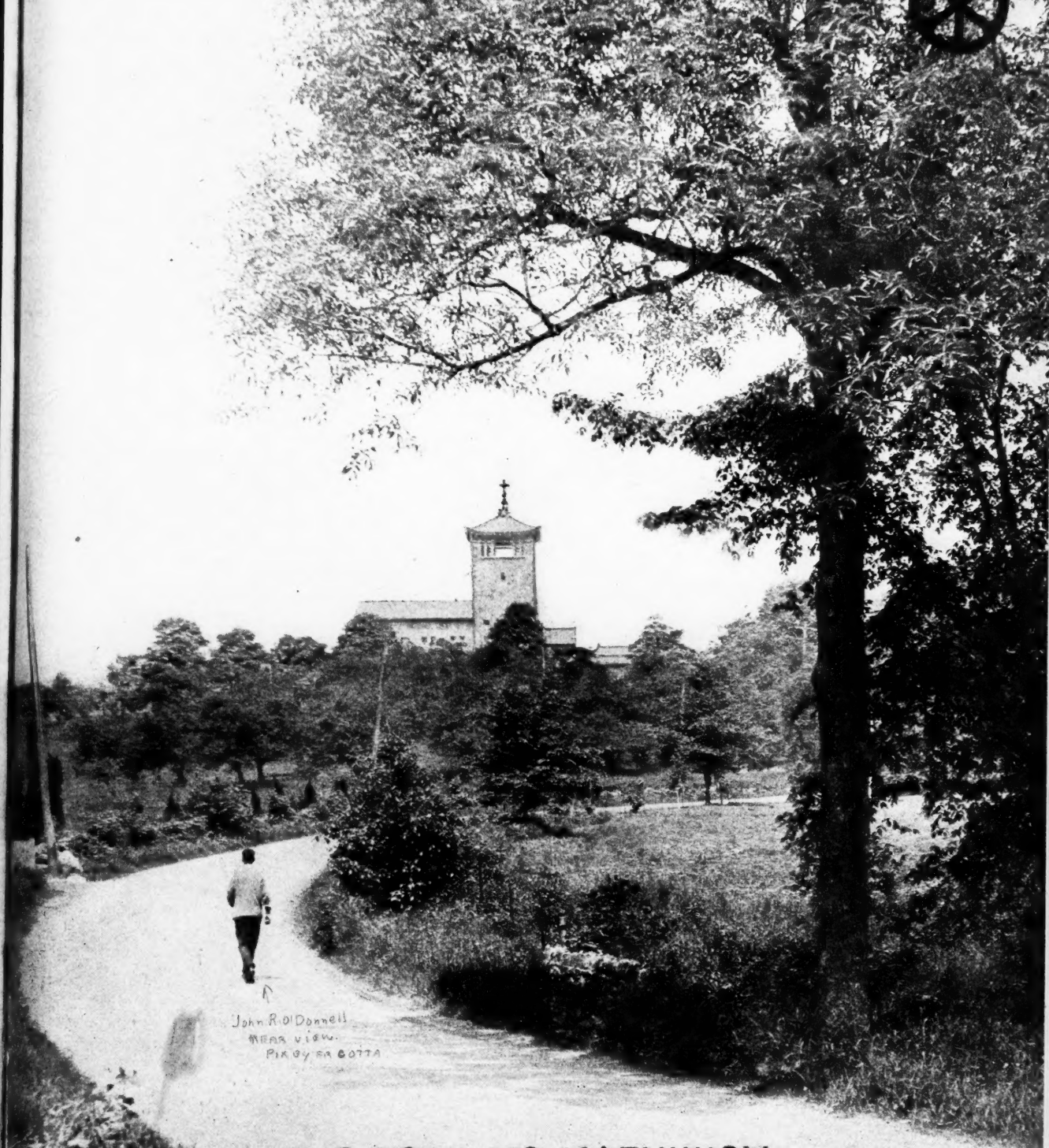


THE FIELD AFAR MARYKNOLL



John R. O'Donnell
NEAR VIEW.
PIKBY SA BOTTA

THE ROAD TO MARYKNOLL

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA, INC.

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1930

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The Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America

THE FIELD AFAR

THIS paper is the organ of the Society at home and abroad. It is issued monthly except in the summer when a special enlarged July-August number is published.

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MARYKNOLL

CONTENTS

Along the Line.....	163
Kochow Progress.....	168
For the Faith.....	170
At the Home Knoll.....	172
Editorials	174
A New Prefect Apostolic.....	176
Maryknolls in the West....	180
The Church of the Tangled Web (a story).....	182
The Junior League.....	185
With Circlers.....	189

THE FIELD AFAR is indexed in *The Catholic Periodical Index*, to be found in public libraries.

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TWO "MARYKNOLL ORDINARIES" IN ROME

Archbishop Hanna of San Francisco and Archbishop McNicholas of Cincinnati brought to Collegio Maryknoll in Rome news of Maryknoll Junior Seminaries in their respective archdioceses



THE FIELD AFAR

JUNE, 1930



ALONG THE MARYKNOLL TRAIL

MARYKNOLL-IN-ROME

THE *Collegio Maryknoll* at Rome is conveniently placed, and has attracted many American visitors — bishops, priests, and laity.

A special friend of Maryknoll, Archbishop McNicholas of Cincinnati, chose it as his domicile, while on his recent visit *ad limina*. Monsignor Vehr, Cincinnati Diocesan Seminary Rector, was with his Grace, and as several priest-students of the Archdiocese make their home at Maryknoll in Rome, there was a Cincinnati reunion, which the extra-Ohioians also enjoyed.

IN UNKNOWN KOREA

Shingishu—

(Fr. Petipren)

DURING the past year I traveled much more than formerly, covering between three and four thousand Korean *li*, or nearly two thousand American miles. Some of my jaunts carried me into the far north of Korea and China, where the dangers of travel may almost be compared with those encountered by the early missionaries in our own country.

A very trying part of my journey in this wild country was made along the Yalu River. During twelve days, as I floated down the river, I either slept on the native junks amidst unknown Chinese coolies, or in some strange, ill-kept inn, where a number of the guests had faces which did not inspire confidence. Much of my journeying was in bandit-infested territory, where there was real danger of being robbed or murdered. The mountain fastness on either shore of the Yalu River are a refuge at all seasons of the year for Korean insurgents and Chinese bandits. I was surely protected by my guardian angel on these trips, for twice I woke up at night to interrupt some plot to rob me.

While the dangers of traveling among these men in the northern wilds are undeniable, there are also others of a



CORPUS CHRISTI IN GISHU,
KOREA

different kind, perhaps equally great. Along the trail which winds its way through mountains of astonishing height, there is constant danger either of meeting instant death from falling boulders, or of slipping over precipices a thousand or more feet high. I had, however, only two slight mishaps. One day, when I had been from morning to night in the saddle, my horse gave a sudden lurch, and I came tumbling down into the stream some distance below. Another time, while I was riding down a mountain, I was thrown down a steep incline. But, in each case, the only damage was torn clothes and a few bruises.

TELL us where you will be, and we will forward to your vacation haunt a copy of our Midsummer issue of **THE FIELD AFAR**. We know that if you like us well enough to want us, you will talk Maryknoll to your summer friends. **THE FIELD AFAR** will be your reminder, and it will be a proof to your friends that you appreciate things worth while.

MANY A PERSON WOULD LIKE

FIELDS WHITE TO THE HARVEST, MANCHURIA

Eul-Pa-Tan—

(Fr. Jacques)

EUL-PA-TAN, or "Twenty-Eight Bushels", is located in the hilly section of Southern Manchuria. Within the last few years, this section has not only increased in population, but has greatly developed. There has been constant immigration from Shantung, the famine-stricken area to the south. The rich alluvial soil around Eul-Pa-Tan is drawing thousands of settlers.

I have been in this section about two years, and like it. The central station of Eul-Pa-Tan is a village numbering over four hundred Christians. There are, in addition, twelve outstations, and the entire "parish" numbers eight hundred and ninety-seven Christians, who are scattered over a large area.

Eul-Pa-Tan itself is a well established mission. The whole village is Christian. The Christians are clustered about the mission compound, and all live within a stone's throw of the mission. They are a fine crowd. Many attend daily Mass, and when the day is done, return to recite their evening prayers in common. Here at Eul-Pa-Tan there is a mission school, the only one in this large section. The number of boys and girls attending the school is over a hundred. Many come from a distance, and are obliged to board at the mission. The parents of the children are for the greater part poor, and are not able to pay for their support. Consequently, the expenses are considerable, but the mission school is a necessity, without which it is almost impossible to instruct the Christian children and the catechumens in the truths of our Holy Religion. A few good friends have done much to lighten my burdens, and have enabled me to push on in this great work for the salvation of souls.

Once in a while, I go off on a mission trip, and leave Father Killion in charge at the center. My trips to the outstations are not without interest. As yet, I have not met with any bandits, but I have had a few close calls. I have been taken for a bandit several times,

CATHOLIC Foreign Missions all over the world call for a yearly expenditure of at least twenty million dollars. BIG! Yes, and so is the Catholic Church.

Ten per cent of this outlay may be credited to the praiseworthy activities of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, whose gatherings are distributed from Rome to thousands of missionaries, a small portion necessarily to each.

Ninety per cent must be found either on the mission fields, or in the missionaries' homelands. Actually, it is found in both. To secure the ninety per cent is the special problem of mission training institutes, among which is Maryknoll.

and have experienced the uncomfortable feeling which is caused by looking into the muzzle of a gun. There is a saying, "Shoot first, and ask questions afterwards". In my case, I am alive today because the questions were asked first. When the Manchurian farmers found out how harmless I was, being only a country pastor, they let me pass unmolested.

A mission trip made here in spring is a delight to the soul, after the hard and dreary winter. In summer, the freshness and greenness become wilted, and the terrible heat renders traveling dangerous. Then, too, come the heavy rains, which turn the countryside into lakes, and the roads into rivers.

With autumn, things change again. We ride along the country roads with tall, twelve foot high sorghum on either side of us. It is only when some hill-top is reached, and mile upon mile of waving grain lies before the wayfarer, that he appreciates the great beauty of

the scenery. It always makes me think of the thousands of souls of good will in our vast Manchurian Mission, and the words of Our Divine Lord, "The harvest indeed is great, but the laborers are few."

KONGMOON'S NATIVE SEMINARIANS

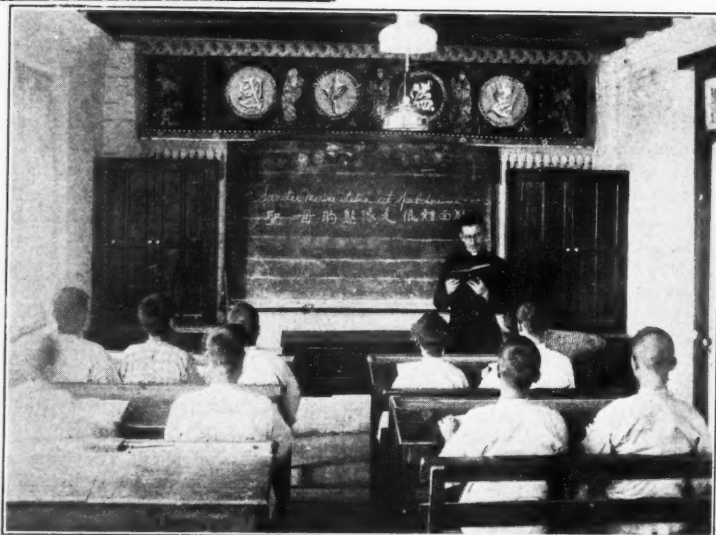
Kongmoon—

(Fr. Buckley)

ENCLOSED is a picture of one of my classes at the Seminary. They are the lads to whom I am teaching Latin this year, and do you blame me for being proud of them?

At the beginning of the year, they didn't seem to understand my very lucid (?) explanations in the Chinese tongue, but gradually they became accustomed to my rendering of their language, and now we are getting along splendidly.

The missionary feels the tug on his heartstrings when he says good-bye to those at home, and leaves for foreign fields. Sometimes he later has a similar feeling when he has to leave a cherished mission, to go somewhere else. If the needs of our Christians should call me elsewhere now, I know that I would feel the parting from my young seminarians, whom I have grown to love.



FR. JOHN BUCKLEY, M.M., FORMERLY OF SOMERVILLE, MASS., TEACHING CHINESE SEMINARIANS OF THE KONGMOON VICARIATE
"They are the lads to whom I am teaching Latin this year, and do you blame me for being proud of them?"

TO TAKE A HELPFUL SHARE

They are great boys, and, if it please God, I pray that I may live to see the day when they will ascend the altar steps as consecrated priests, and will go forth to spread the Gospel message among their own people.

"HOME" AT LAST IN KAYING
Kaying—

(Fr. O'Day)

WHILE we were passing through Chow Chou, the French missionary took us to see some pagan shrines in the outskirts of the village. We were accompanied by a crowd of Catholic boys, who said when they learned where we were going, "Father is going to take pictures of the devil."

Innumerable beggars lined the approach. There must have been twenty or more shrines there, with plenty of devotees, paying their homage to the images of wood and stone. Through passages cut in solid rock, we went to the shrine, underground, and out again into the sunshine.

Finally we reached the uppermost shrine, which must have belonged to a god that was at that time in disfavor with the people. It was dirty and neglected, in contrast with the other shrines, which were more or less clean and bright. In it, I saw the figure of a man. He was stooped over cleaning

MARYKNOLL has a grave problem for its centre, and a consequently grave problem for its outposts.

For its centre, the society has been obliged, within a few years, to buy land, as also to provide housing, education, and sustenance for two hundred American aspirants to the apostolate. As a result, Maryknoll is now laboring under a heavy burden of debt.

For her hundred missionaries on the field, this Mother of the Knolls must find—somewhere, somehow—an average per capita of at least three hundred and sixty-five dollars a year, to keep their bodies and souls together.



A PAGAN TEMPLE ON THE WAY TO THE MARYKNOLL KAYING MISSION, SOUTH CHINA

Innumerable beggars lined the approaches to the temples, and there were plenty of devotees, paying their homage to the images of wood and stone

two chickens, and feathers were strewed over the place. As we approached, he looked up. He was a comparatively young man, but his face gave me the impression of belonging to a bandit, rather than to the devotee of a shrine. Fr. Constantius told me that I was not mistaken, the man was a notorious robber.

That afternoon, we continued our journey to Kaying. The day was spent on the river. The following morning, we hired four chairs, carried by two men apiece, and six soldiers to act as escort through the bandit and Red infested district. All our impedimenta was carried by Chinese women. After we were on the road a few hours, it began to rain. It proved to be too cold for riding, and too wet for walking, so we compromised, and did both. About three in the afternoon we reached the midway house in Tieng Tsun, where we took shelter in the catechist's home.

The following day we started out



AGAIN THEY GO

WITHIN a few weeks, the Knoll will once more echo to the clang of the Departure Bell, and seven more Maryknoll priests will join their comrades who have already left home and native land for Christ and souls.

More than ever the Orient needs the True Faith, now that the agents of godless Russian Communism are seeking to win Asia's millions to their cause. If young Americans are willing to risk all, even life itself, to bring Christ to the Far East, do they not deserve the backing of prayers and financial aid?

The outfit and travel expenses of a Maryknoll missionary to the Orient amount to five hundred dollars. Smaller donations will be very welcome.

again, and arrived at the seminary in the afternoon. It was good to see at length the Maryknoll Mission at Kaying. As we topped the last rise, we caught sight of the priests' house and seminary. A long, three-storied building, constructed in cement, with a roof of Chinese design, lay before our gaze. As we drew closer, the group of waiting seminarians and priests became visible. We recognized Frs. Downs, Hilbert, Murphy, O'Brien, Donnelly, and Bro. Augustine. Then we were in their midst, and greetings were in order, punctuated by the sputtering of many firecrackers. Home at last!

WITH NEOPHYTES OF THE WUCHOW MISSION

Pingnam— (Fr. Tennien)

AFTER my never-to-be-forgotten first mission trip of last autumn, I decided I would need at least two Chinese sermons. When I had given the same sermon in a number of villages, I found myself weary of it, and could no longer put any feeling into the words.

A missionary with only one sermon feels like the priest who always talked on St. Joseph. When he was told to give a sermon on the Sacrament of

Confession, he introduced it by saying that St. Joseph was a carpenter and so certainly must have made confessionals, and then he launched forth into his sermon on St. Joseph.

Not wishing to resemble this good priest for the rest of my mission career, I prepared another sermon, with the help of our Chinese "boy".

Then I started out again, that time with a different catechist. He is our best preacher, so I was glad to get the experience with him.

In some of the places where we stopped, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered for the first time in the nineteen centuries since Our Blessed Lord transformed bread and wine into His Body and Blood. In the more wretchedly poor villages, I had to offer Mass in little mud-walled rooms, about six by eight. But at such times I recall the stable and the lowly home at Nazareth which the Lord of the World chose when He first came down to earth, and I feel sure that He loves these poor Chinese huts, and the simple folk who come to Him in their destitution.

In several of the villages, I noticed the same old woman. She had been

baptized only a short while before, and now followed us on foot from village to village, eager for the privilege of once more assisting at Mass. The catechist, who had instructed her, told me that she "had a glowing heart for Christianity". I could not doubt it as I saw the beautiful smile which transfigured her face, furrowed with toil and age.

At a certain place there was, in the midst of the homes of converts, one family which had not embraced the Faith. I asked the catechist if there had been any particular reason why they had not done so. He answered, "God didn't choose them, that is all." It was something to think about. In the end, all our efforts for souls are powerless without God's grace. Hence the great and unceasing need of prayer. We look to our apostolic partners in the homeland for help in storming by prayer the citadel of Divine Mercy.

The Fire of the Apostolate

DURING recent months, the directors of Maryknoll Preparatory Colleges have been receiving letters from boys in many sections of our great country. Some are worth reproducing, because of the whole-hearted enthusiasm they manifest for the mission cause. The following lines were written by a prospective missionary, now in the seventh grammar grade:

I am saying the daily prayers for the Missions, and counting the days till I find myself at the Vénard. I shall say some prayers for you every morning and night. How I do envy the boys at the Vénard! I would like to be there with them.

Of course, I know that a missionary's life is not easy. But Blessed Théophane says: *Suffering is the money with which one buys heaven.* All of us will not be honored with martyrdom, like Théophane. But we can strive to please God, just the same.

Some say that we should teach the word of God at home. But our Lord said: *Going, teach all nations.* We only have to carry out what God wants us to do, and I am waiting to carry out my part, the part that God has prepared for me.

In Other Fields

MORE than four thousand pieces of air mail are being carried daily between Shanghai and Hankow, according to a report of the operating company.

In order to care for the large number of Chinese in America, the Nanking Government has opened two new consulates, one in New Orleans, and the other in Chicago.

The 1929 mission departure group of the Salesian congregation, with headquarters at Turin, Italy, numbered one hundred and seventy-three priests, and one hundred and three Sisters. The followers of Don Bosco work in nine countries, including the United States.

During 1929, the 112,276 members of the Seventh-day Adventist denomination throughout the United States and Canada gave an average of 48.6 cents *per week* for each individual, in free will offerings to the advancement of foreign missions.

Statistics computed in Rome show that Catholics throughout the world contribute an average of less than sixteen cents a year per capita to the support of foreign missions. These figures provide food for thought.

There exists in Geneva, Switzerland, a Catholic International Enquiry Office, known as the *Geneva Catholic Guild*. Its object is to furnish useful information regarding the activities of international organizations having their headquarters in Geneva.

The *Guild* appeals to all Catholics interested in the international movement of today, requesting their spiritual and financial support.

It does not seem long since the October of 1926, when the headlines of the press in every country

announced the consecration by the Holy Father in Rome of six Chinese bishops, the first since the seventeenth century. In the brief interval which has elapsed, half of these Chinese prelates have gone to their eternal reward. The third to die, the Rt. Rev. Louis Chen, O.F.M., Vicar Apostolic of Fengyang in Shansi Province, went to God on March twelfth.

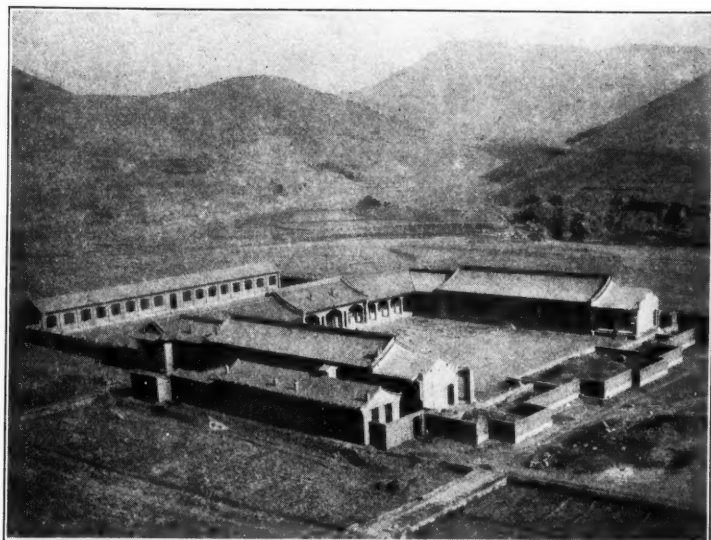
The Chinese bishops have faced unusually difficult conditions, and the early death of half their number can be attributed in large part to their constant anxieties and excessive labors.

The Chinese city of Swanhwafu, the center of the Vicariate Apostolic of that name which has been entrusted to the native clergy, is a half day's journey by rail from Peiping, in the direction of the border between China and Mongolia. What is probably its most remarkable edifice is a Catholic seminary, called *Emmaus*, which stands out in rather bare surroundings at the foot of a hill one mile outside the city. This building, in pure Chinese style, is the seminary of the Congregation

of *The Disciples of the Lord*, a native order founded in 1926.

The building has other than architectural claims to interest, however; it is a remarkable symbol of the Catholicity of the Church. It was erected through the generosity of the American Branch of the Missionary Association of Catholic Women. Its architect was the well-known European Benedictine artist, Dom Adelbert Gresnigt, O.S.B., actually professor at the Catholic University of Peiping. It is directed by a group of Spanish Redemptorists, who will remain until the new community reaches a stage of autonomy.

The priests of the new Chinese congregation will give missions, aid foreign missionaries in territories where there are as yet no native priests, and organize foreign mission activity in countries to which Chinese have emigrated. Its members will be especially valuable as accredited teachers in colleges and universities. Characteristics of the congregation are to be a strong devotion to the Blessed Eucharist, and a close attachment to the Holy See.



AN "EMMAUS" AT SWANHWAUFU, CHINA

This building, designed by Dom Adelbert Gresnigt, O.S.B., is the seminary of a new native order, The Disciples of the Lord

TO BRING THE TRUE FAITH

Kochow Progress, Bandits Notwithstanding

By Fr. Francis Connors, M.M.

BANDITS have been active recently in Kochow, and, during one of my mission journeys, they broke into the chapel. It will take about three hundred dollars to repair the chapel, and to make it again a fit dwelling for Our Lord. The bandits forced open the tabernacle door, but, fortunately, I had consumed the Blessed Sacrament before I left. The vestment cabinet was searched, and our ostensorium stolen. In the company of my head catechist, I have visited all the pawnshops in the vicinity, but we cannot locate it anywhere.

Last December fifteenth, Yip Taai Sam and his Kwangsi Army marched

into Fachow, and took the city by storm. His next move was to Kochow. As soon as the news reached here, everyone became excited. Students, teachers, merchants, clerks, in fact, anyone and everyone that could moved out of the city. However, before leaving, they carried all their valuables here to the Mission, and placed them in my care. I told them that if the goods were stolen, I could not be responsible for their loss. Their only reply was, "Have no fear, Shan Foo. They would surely take our valuables from us, and possibly they may not take them from you."

In less than ten hours after the news first reached here, Kochow was a de-

serted city. My house looked like a storage-warehouse, with boxes, baskets, and what-not piled everywhere. The orphanage was packed with women and children, and all their belongings—including pigs, chickens, ducks and dogs. The school contained all the families we could crowd into it. Hence, we had a full house all around.

For ten days, no one dared to move. All boats and busses stopped running, and all lines of communication were cut off. If a dog barked at night, everyone wanted to know what the trouble was. For some reason or other, the roosters refused to crow, and the birds to chirp. It seemed as though a cloud of death hung over the city.



FR. FRANCIS CONNORS, M.M., FORMERLY OF PEABODY, MASS., AND THE FIRST GRADUATING CLASS OF THE KOCHOW CATECHIST SCHOOL

To the right of Fr. Connors is the Kochow head catechist, Yip Hang Hing, whose intellectual ability and devoted zeal have proved invaluable to Maryknoll missionaries of South China

TO THOSE COUNTLESS PAGAN SOULS



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The above books postpaid.

Field Afar Office Maryknoll, N. Y.

On December twenty-third, news came that Yip Taai Sam had retreated to Kwangsi, to recruit more men. That evening several hundred Kwangtung troops came into Kochow, and, from then on, everyone began to breathe more freely. As soon as the troops arrived, the whole city assumed a new atmosphere. Children laughed and played, the birds sang, dogs barked, pigs grunted, and I joined in the chorus by turning on the victrola. "What a Grand and Glorious Feeling!"

In spite of the recent scare, over two hundred of our Christians came in for the Feast of Christmas. We did not dare to have Midnight Mass, but at daybreak all assembled for my Masses. After the Gospel of the First Mass, I waxed eloquent for a while, but it is hard to tell just how much they understood. Would that I had the gift of tongues! After morning rice they started homeward, and by noon I was alone with my head catechist, Yip.

I was due to make the retreat at Kongmoon in January. On reaching Shuitung, I learned that I would have to wait five days for a boat. I also discovered that soldiers were about to occupy our chapel there. In fact, the boards for the beds were already in the chapel when I arrived. After visiting the Mandarin, and several military officials, I finally succeeded in keeping them out; and although it took four days of hard work on my part, it was well worth it.

I am enclosing a picture of the first graduating class of our Kochow Catechist School. Back in 1921, on the occasion of the second visit of Maryknoll's Superior General to China, it was resolved that the great need of Maryknoll-in-China was trained catechists, and that consequently a Catechist School would be established, as soon as circumstances permitted.

Circumstances did not permit for another eight years. Men capable of running such an institution do not step fully panoplied off American boats. Eligible students must be high school graduates, or the equivalent, and a few such are only now gradually beginning to appear here and there amid our Catholic population. Finally, tuition and board must be paid by the pastor of the particular catechist, and that requires a lot of raking and scraping.

Our first Catechist School was opened in February, 1929, at Kochow, under the supervision of Fr. Paschang. It began with a one-year course for a dozen chosen men. It meant no small addition to Fr. Paschang's responsibilities, who already had on his shoulders the care of a big mission, together with Sacred Heart School, the only Catholic high school of the Kongmoon Vicariate.

We train as many catechists as we can support, and, incidentally, those for whom we can find a job afterward. As our funds permit of our hiring only a very few catechists at any time, why train a lot who will be jobless later? Meanwhile, we should like to have more money both to train and to hire, for the catechist need is a great and pressing one.

Fifty cents will list you or yours as a Maryknoll Associate.

A Precious Memorial



Here Lies

Reverend

Daniel Leo McShane

A Maryknoll priest who was born at Columbus, Indiana, in 1888. He was the first priest to be ordained for the Society. He reached China in 1919, and was the founder of the Loting Mission. There, at the end, he was taken with a mortal sickness. A worthy model of the apostolic virtues.

He fell asleep in God

June 4, 1927

R. J. P.

OUR dear departed Father "Dan" McShane, who died of smallpox at Loting, China, is buried in front of the church in which he ministered.

Until recently a temporary marker served to identify his precious body, and now we learn that a permanent tombstone, the gift

THAT NEVER HEARD OF CHRIST

of his fellow missionaries, has been set in its place. Of this little monument to a great soul, Fr. Rauschenbach writes:

"It is a product of 'local talent', as it was made right here in the mission compound out of Tung On marble, cut from the mountains nearby. It is not perfect nor free from many noticeable defects, but it is presentable and durable. In making it, anything like lavishness was avoided. We felt that display would very much offend Fr. McShane, whose life was ordered with a view to economy, so that he might expend all the means at his disposal on the mission. Reduced to terms of American money, the monument cost just twenty-five dollars gold. We knew this would please you more than a costlier one from Hong Kong. It certainly would Fr. McShane. It is the gift of the Kongmoon priests.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Libica—

By Rev. Henry Borgmann, C. SS. R. A Liturgical, Biblical, and Catechetical summary of the Catholic Religion. Published by John Murphy Company, Baltimore, Md. Single copy, \$1.00.

Random Shots—

By Rev. Daniel A. Lord, S.J. Published by The Queen's Work Press, 3115 South Grand Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo. Single copy, \$10.

Truth's The Thing—

By Rev. Daniel A. Lord, S.J. Published by The Queen's Work Press, 3115 South Grand Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo. Single copy, \$10.

Be Of Good Heart—

By Sr. M. Eleanore, C.S.C. A Eucharistic Reverie. Published by the Queen's Work Press, 3115 South Grand Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo. Single copy, \$05.

The Way of the Cross—

Twenty-five exercises for various occasions. Published by Rev. P. Buisink, Parish Priest, San Rafael, Trinidad, British West Indies. Single copy, \$1.00. Ten copies, \$6.00.

The Catholic Periodical Index, Vol. 1, No. 1—

A guide to Catholic magazines, including THE FIELD AFAR. Published for the Library Section of the National Catholic Educational Association by the H. W. Wilson Co., New York City.

For The Faith

By Fr. Joseph McCormack, M.M.



YAO HUNG SIU, HIS WIFE, AND BABY BOY

Yao's ardent, intelligent faith and Christlike charity have made a deep impression on Fr. McCormack

A MONTH ago, an intelligent looking man of the laboring class, carrying in his arms a child of about a year old, came into our compound at Fushun. At first we thought he was one of the many immigrants from war and bandit-ridden Shantung, and that he had come to beg food. Yao Hung Siu (my visitor's name) proved indeed to be an immigrant from Shantung, but, instead of food for the body, he was seeking spiritual nourishment. It did not take us long to learn that he had carried his fourteen months old son a distance of seventy miles to be baptized. The mother of the baby had died two months ago, leaving two girls also, one seven years old, and the other three. After the ceremony of Baptism, my cook provided sleeping place in his little cabin for father and child. Next morning early, they started on their way.

A few nights later, I had just retired, when a knock sounded on the gate. It was Yao again; he had come a distance of forty miles that afternoon, to ask me to give Extreme Unction to an old friend of his whom he had found dying in the backwoods. The best I could have done would have been to start at daylight the next morning, by horse,

but, as Yao had no horse, I went by train for about twenty miles, and walked the other twenty.

I reached the sick man at three in the afternoon, and gave him the last Sacraments at once. He may have had any disease at all, contagious or otherwise; but the best I could do was to have my meal and sleep in the same room with him, until morning. He seemed to rally after the reception of the Sacraments, but thus far I have not heard whether he is living or not.

In the mountains of that section of Manchuria were many Christians who had not had an opportunity in years to receive the Sacraments. Their only regret was that there was one old lady of eighty who could not walk to the house where I was to say Mass; but Yao was on the job again. Tired as he was after his trip to Fushun, he suggested carrying her. Three others were willing to help, so, procuring an old door, they went to get her, and she arrived over the mountains in about as much time as it takes to tell it.

I had twelve for Communion the following morning, and twenty-one for Mass. The nine who did not receive Holy Communion were very young children. I do not think that I ever had

AND WHO ARE STILL ADORING IDOLS.

a happier Sunday morning than the one in that little corn-stalk cabin hidden away in the mountains. A happier or more contented group of people one would not ask to see. Their ardent, intelligent faith and Christlike charity impressed me deeply. It is indeed wonderful what the true Faith does.

After Mass, accompanied by Yao again, I started on my return trip to the railway station. I did not think that I was tired until, about half way, I tried to walk after a rest of a few minutes, and my legs refused to work. When we had reached the station, I was told that I had at least three hours to wait for the train. I was thirsty and tired. Yao, without a word, weighed up the situation. I do not know what story was given to the station master, but I was soon invited to his best room for tea, and a rest.

Before we arrived at the railway station, Yao had told me that there were many Shantung Christians in the place where he had made his home for some years, and where his wife had died. Liking his modest zeal, I induced him to accompany me back to Fushun; and the next day I sent him to look up these friends of his, and bring them to a neighboring town, where I promised to meet them on a certain date. He was faithful to his task, and I met them according to appointment. I had twenty-five for the Sacraments on this occasion; and there were fourteen Baptisms. Altogether, there must have been about forty Christians to meet me.

Yao's two girls had not yet received Baptism. The seven year old one walked with him to meet me. The younger one was quite sick, but, nevertheless, he carried her in for Baptism. After the ceremony, he returned home at once, happy in the thought, as he put it, that his children were now real, registered Christians. I also returned home, happy in the thought that, through Yao, I had discovered these Christians, who had been out of touch with the Church for years.

I had been home only a few days, when I was informed that there was a stranger at the gate. It was Yao again, this time carrying his seven year old child. At once, I asked about the younger one. Here is his story. As

she was not improving at all, he tried to bring her to me. He knew that if she was in danger of death I could confirm her; and he felt that, if the child was to die, he wanted to have her die near the church, so that she could be given a Christian burial. But God had decreed otherwise, and, after one day on the road, the child died in his arms, in a Chinese inn.

Now can you picture this poor man in a mud hovel by the wayside, with his two little girls? One dies, and he has no friend within miles of him. He has no money with which to buy a few boards for a coffin, so the best he can do is to wrap his little child in a bundle of straw, and bury her on the mountain side, among pagans. He does this all alone with no earthly witness, except his seven year old daughter. Remember, this man has a refined, Christian soul. It was as terrible for him to have his little girl die and be buried in this way as it would have been for any American or European Catholic; but it was the best he could do in his poverty.

I noticed that he had aged and lost weight since I first saw him, and when I asked him the circumstances of his child's death, I saw his eyes fill with tears. I have found him a little work here in town, since I am loath to let him go away again. I have sent his remaining child to be taken care of by two "Chinese Virgins", who live near here. When the Maryknoll Sisters arrive, I will send her to them, unless, in the meantime, some member of *Our Lady's Circle* adopts her. I assure you she is as bright and good-looking a youngster as you would want to see.

The father now longs to visit his little boy again; but he must wait until he has saved a few dollars, with which to buy the baby clothes. You may be surprised that I do not help him. I

have done what I can afford. And then, there are so many of our Christians who need help that we must limit our charity in each individual case.

In spite of all that has happened, Yao still keeps smiling; but it is a smile mixed with a tear. They say of Ireland: *Erin, the tear and the smile blend in thine eye*. It could with truth be said of Mr. Yao, *the tear and the smile blend in thine eye*; and all this because of his great faith in God.

As I wrote this last sentence, a Christian man came in to ask me whether I could send his two little sons, one five years old, the other fourteen months, to an orphanage somewhere. These little ones have also been left without a mother; and, so it goes on indefinitely. Let us hope that the day will soon come when we shall have orphanages, American Sisters, and trained nurses by the hundred over here, to take care of such cases. We men may not be so bad in some things, but, when it comes to caring for the children—"good night".

It may be surprising to the reader that Christians fifty or sixty miles away should go years without seeing a priest; but you see, up until now, and even now, priests are very scarce in this part of the world. Furthermore, these Christians have moved in here from other parts, and have settled on patches of land here and there in the mountains. As a result, they are entirely out of touch with the large towns. Then, where there are no roads, fifty miles is a long way. Add to the bad roads the fact that most of these immigrant ladies have bound feet.

Whenever I hear about Christians being in a certain place, I try to reach them; but the hearing about is the difficult part. If we had many like Yao, we would be all right.

LIFE INSURANCE

WHO will get the benefit of your LIFE INSURANCE, if the loved one for whom you now wish to provide should die before you?

If there is no one else to whom you owe that duty, why not make Maryknoll your alternate beneficiary?

CERTAINLY NO WORK OF CHARITY

June Days At The Mother Knoll

Spring Visitors—

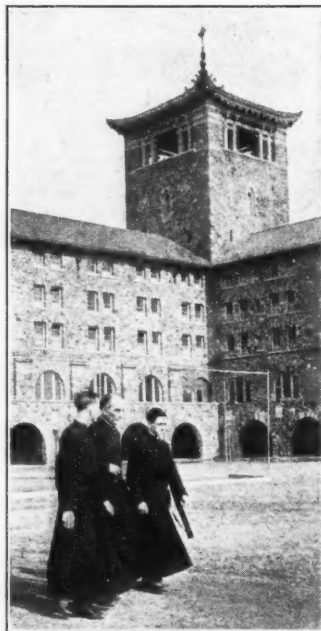
EARLY spring visitors included two bishops, and many priests. Of the two bishops, one was our revered Maryknoll Ordinary of Los Angeles, California, the Rt. Rev. John J. Cantwell; the other a delightfully sympathetic friend, the Rt. Rev. Patrick A. McGovern of Cheyenne, Wyoming.

Among the priests were Father Bebe Jarrett, the eminent English Dominican, and Father Gillis, *Catholic World* Editor, whose voice over the radio is familiar to many of our readers.

The Captor Captured—

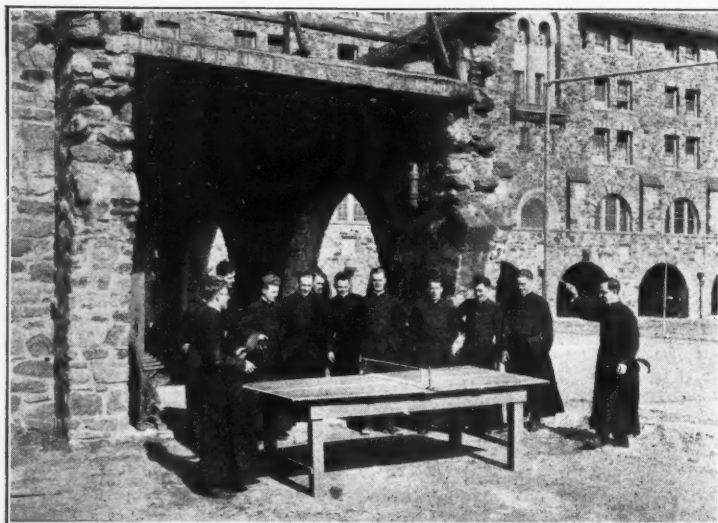
ONCE in a great while it happens that Fr. Foto, who so often catches others unawares, is himself the unconscious victim of a rival camera expert. One of our artists snapped him recently in the quadrangle where departing Maryknoll missionaries bid farewell to family, friends, and comrades. He was deep in conversation with two aspirant Maryknoll apostles, and the camera man scored an easy victory.

Our students have much to



IN THE SEMINARY QUADRANGLE
A veteran missionary between two fledglings

learn from Fr. Foto, who spent a number of years "shooting" the



LOCKED IN A DESPERATE STRUGGLE
Napoleon Zipp and Wellington Koo contend on the gory ping-pong field of battle

Chinese in various poses, and who has never ceased to carry their images in his heart. Maryknoll seminarians relish the privilege of discussing with him the numerous mission problems which will later confront them in the land of the four hundred millions, the land of their dreams.

Concerning Ping-Pong—

THE missionary's life is a hard one. As soldier of the Church militant, he needs a stout heart for battle—against not only pagan forces, but also backsliders, climate, bugs, and bankruptcy. He must have a cool head for emergencies, be they accidents, or bandits, or pirates; for, lo, he who keeps his head may save it. He must have a strong body to endure the burdens of the day, and the heats, or the colds; to withstand long journeys afoot or in springless carts; to survive the pungent hostility of native foods. He must be a soldier!

To train our future apostles for this lifelong ordeal, we find nothing so helpful as athletic contests demanding both brain and brawn, such, for instance, as ping-pong.

Those who condemn these games as brutal and debasing, those who have no sympathy with the gladiator who perchance breaks an arm or a leg at ping-pong, fail certainly to realize the importance of developing in our outgoing missionaries that coolness in hard battle, that indifference to exhaustion and pain, that dogged perseverance against impending defeat that so markedly characterize all the ping-pong players of the world.

Rejoicings at the Convent—

ON April thirtieth, the Feast of Saint Catherine of Siena, a special patron of our Maryknoll Dominican Sisters, twenty-three novices made their first vows, and forty-two postulants received the habit of the Congregation. As from the altar we looked out over the serried ranks of black and white veils, we breathed a prayer

COULD BE MORE PLEASING TO GOD

of thanks to the Master Who has called so many young women to His Service in foreign fields, and we added a petition that they may soon be provided with an adequate shelter, in the form of a permanent mother-house.

The following novices made their first vows:

Sr. M. Vera Tierney, Co. Cavan, Ireland; Sr. Maria Teresa Yeung, Hong Kong, China; Sr. M. Kostka Green, Memphis, Tenn.; Sr. M. Blanche Cronin, Framingham, Mass.; Sr. M. St. Bernard Donnelly, Chicago, Ill.; Sr. Xavier Marie Hayden, Medford, Mass.; Sr. M. Frances Teresa Hesse, Pittsfield, Mass.; Sr. M. St. Anthony Keenan, Rochester, N. Y.; Sr. Santa Maria Manning, Boston, Mass.; Sr. Francis Mary Goode, Roxbury, Mass.; Sr. Rose Marie O'Callahan, Cambridge, Mass.; Sr. Agnes Marie Roache, Cambridge, Mass.; Sr. M. Magdalena Urlacher, Rochester, N. Y.; Sr. Maris Stella Reidelberger, St. Louis, Mo.; Sr. M. Francis Clare Staub, St. Louis, Mo.; Sr. M. Leonard Venneman, Springfield, Ill.; Sr. M. Albert Venneman, Springfield, Ill.; Sr. David Marie Scanlon, Norwood, Ohio; Sr. Joseph Marie Kane, St. Louis, Mo.; Sr. M. Martin Phelan, San Francisco, Cal.; Sr. M. Cordula Vonfeldt, Victoria, Kan.; Sr. M. Incarnata Farrelly, Hartford, Conn.; Sr. M. Christopher Nauman, New York City.

Those who received the habit were:

Phyllis Wong-Quincey (Sr. M. Tere-sita), Hong Kong, China; Laura Carvelho (Sr. Cecelia Marie), Hong Kong, China; Ruth Herman (Sr. M. Corona), Edgerton, Ohio; Esther Touchette (Sr. Esther Marie), Cambridge, Mass.; Virginia Rust (Sr. M. Robert), Buffalo, N. Y.; Margaret Callen (Sr. M. George), So. Boston, Mass.; Monica Lalley (Sr. Miriam Clare), Des Moines, Iowa; Anna Fritz (Sr. M. Anita), Frank, Ohio; Therese Grondin (Sr. Marie Marcelline), Westbrook, Me.; Helena Powers (Sr. M. Athanasius), Allston, Mass.; Jeannette Anable (Sr. M. Francis Xavier), Utica, N. Y.; Esther Donovan (Sr. Miriam David), Auburn, N. Y.; Helen Comber (Sr. M. Rita Clare), Lawrence, Mass.; Margaret Victory (Sr. M. Jane Fran-

ces), Hollis, L. I.; Eleanor Shader (Sr. M. Ann Loretta), Troy, N. Y.; Margaret McCoy (Sr. M. Ann Francis), Philadelphia, Pa.; Anne Salzbach (Sr. Imelda Marie), Bloomfield, N. J.; Agnes Kraus (Sr. M. Agnella), Kingston, N. Y.; Rose Hanan (Sr. M. Rose Benigna), Holyoke, Mass.; Dora Deano (Sr. M. Aquin), Wellesley Hills, Mass.; Dorothea Underhill (Sr. Marie Jean Vianney), Framingham, Mass.;

City; Mary Walsh (Sr. M. Assisi) Jamaica Plain, Mass.; Elizabeth Walsh (Sr. M. Evangeline), Jamaica Plain, Mass.; Eleanor Sullivan (Sr. M. Edwina), Somerville, Mass.; Mary McCarthy (Sr. M. Denis), Roxbury, Mass.; Angela Kemper (Sr. M. Clarice), Portland, Ore.; Lillian Puls (Sr. M. Carolyn), Cincinnati, Ohio; Jeanette Peck (Sr. M. Louise), Chicago, Ill.; Ann Mulcahy (Sr. Marie



CORPUS CHRISTI BENEDICTION ON OUR KNOLL
The Throne of the King is set amid flowers, against a leafy background

Honora T. Connelly (Sr. M. Louis), Brighton, Mass.; Mary Sullivan (Sr. M. Alberta), Brighton, Mass.; Genevieve Koll (Sr. M. Rose Genevieve), Belpre, Kan.; Margaret McCallister (Sr. M. Amadeus), New York City; Edna Thornton (Sr. Miriam Thomas), Waterloo, Iowa; Margaret Jessup (Sr. M. Matilda), Brooklyn, N. Y.; Martha Scharding (Sr. M. Henry), Brooklyn, N. Y.; Kathryn Dunne (Sr. M. Seraphine), New York City; Mary Maniscalco (Sr. M. Lucrezia), New York

Eucharia), Norwich, Conn., Martha Kettl (Sr. M. Rosalia), Altoona, Pa.; Marie Rohan (Sr. M. Cecily), Easthampton, Mass.; Evelyn Hockman (Sr. M. Cornelia), Du Bois, Penn.; Helen Cashin (Sr. M. Helen), E. Orange, N. J.

Corpus Christi—

City dwellers and others who never witness an open air religious procession miss much when Corpus Christi comes and goes in their lives. Most Corpus Christi processions follow along similar lines. The difference comes in the setting, and Maryknoll is blessed in hers. Few, outside of the two communities, witness this simple and prayerful ceremony, but as often as the feast comes around we wish that we could share it with our friends.

FURTHERING THE CAUSE

The Maryknoll Annuity enables Catholics of moderate means, but of world-wide hearts, to co-operate in the extension of God's reign.

Write now for further details.
Address: The V. Rev. Superior Maryknoll, N. Y.

BUT MANY WHO WISH TO HELP

THE FIELD AFAR

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(except August).

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at the rate of eighty cents a year).

Six years' subscription.....\$5.00
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with all subscriptions.)

**TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD**

**O SACRED Heart of Jesus, Thy
Kingdom come in China!**

THIS is the month of the Sacred Heart, and it recalls the love of Christ for all men. We urge frequent ejaculations. As often as the headlines of our daily papers record "Red" activities in China, or Russia, or elsewhere, we shall do well to repeat, wherever we may be, an ejaculatory prayer to the Sacred Heart.

One is suggested above. Another is that to which the Holy Father has attached an indulgence: Savior of the world, save Russia!

THE eighteenth departure from Maryknoll is scheduled for Thursday evening, July thirty-first. Seven priests and one Brother will form this group, and as our June issue reaches its readers, these young men will be leaving to spend their last few weeks with their relatives.

For each departant we shall require, for preparation and transportation, five hundred dollars; and for a year's support at the language school, from three hundred to three hundred and fifty dollars.

We have confidence that efforts

made through **THE FIELD AFAR**, combined with those of the missionaries-elect, will enable us to carry out our plans in their regard.

— Were you trained, as a child, to save pennies for souls? —

THE month of June recalls the death of Father McShane at Loting, three years ago. The consecration of Bishop Walsh had drawn his companions to Sancian Island, and, while far removed from any Maryknollers, our precious missionary contracted smallpox from one of the abandoned infants, to the saving of whose souls he was deeply devoted.

The American physician at Loting, Dr. Dixon (a non-Catholic for whom Father McShane had a high regard), did all he could, and succeeded in prolonging his patient's life until a Maryknoll priest, traveling by foot many miles, could reach him, and administer Extreme Unction. Loting has profited spiritually by the labors and death of its first pastor.

When you studied Geography, was there any mention of missionaries? Or was it only minerals?

WHERE? This is a query that will now rise unbidden in youthful minds, especially in those of recent graduates. "Where shall I be, at this time next year?"

In other words, hundreds of young people are just now beginning to ask themselves, "What am I going to be?" Care free days come to an end, and even youth has its serious moments, and its sense of responsibility.

To our young people we say, *pray to know what God wishes you to do*; make inquiries; consult with a few wise heads; when a

GIFTS THAT PLEASE AND ENDURE

A good book in an attractive dress is usually an acceptable gift for the graduate. Maryknoll offers an appealing list (see page 169) at prices suited to all pocketbooks.

notion comes to you, don't broadcast it as if you were already settled; be patient and watchful; study your inclinations.

Should Maryknoll appeal, write for information, or better still, if you are within reach of a Maryknoll house, call and talk over the subject.

KINDLY inquiries have come from time to time for the safety of Maryknoll missionaries working in the Orient. So far, we are thankful to say, they have not been seriously disturbed.

WE do not hide from ourselves, however, nor from our missionaries on the field the danger that confronts those among them who labor in the interior of Chinese provinces. They know, as we do, that in the past few years some twenty-four Catholic priests, one a bishop, have died violent deaths at the hands of bandits or Communists.

OUR missionaries are inclined to apologize for the Chinese bandit who is not "Red". They often see in him only a hungry individual, who cannot find for himself employment, and they claim that he is far more considerate than the white men of his class who prey upon their fellows in this country. Our missionaries fear most of all the Sovietized Chinese, not for what bodily harm he can do them, but lest his Satanic virus should spread through the long-suffering people of China.

THE man who objects to sending out our priests to foreign fields, and on this account withholds co-operation, is respectfully asked to send us something to hasten the day when this will not be necessary. In other words, we wish him to know that Maryknoll, young as it is, has today a register of more than one hundred young Asiatics preparing for the priest-

FEEL THEY CANNOT AFFORD IT.

hood.

Surely, with this knowledge, an objector will do his share to spread the Faith of his fathers, and we will gladly apply his good will measure to some Mongolian aspirant to the priesthood.

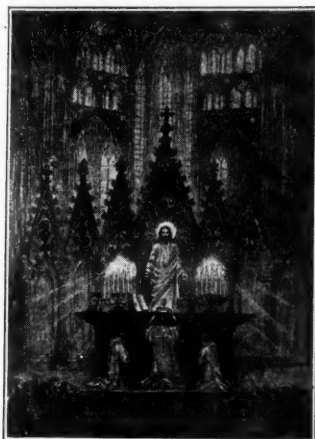
Did you ever study Arithmetic, using souls in place of dollars?

WILL the movies, the talkies, the comic strips, and wild stories of life, told in the daily dreadfuls, do away with respectable books? Such influences certainly lessen the chances of circulating worth while publications. A Catholic bookseller recently made the statement that the call today is for prayer books and novels. Both are good, but what becomes of the interesting life stories of men and women who while in the flesh interpreted Christ, and whose influence should help to mould our generation according to His pattern?

The bookseller above mentioned offered present conditions as his excuse for not carrying literature on Catholic missions. We have an idea that there are other reasons why books on missions are not pushed on the stalls of our Catholic bookstores, but let us accept the fact. If, then, you wish to secure mission literature, go to the publication sources. You will find interesting material there at low cost.

Did you learn much about Catholic missions when you were young?

OCCASIONALLY, we learn of an Oriental Catholic in this country being "discovered", but the instances are rare. We believe, however, that such experiences will become less rare when testimonies like that which follows are brought home to our zealous priests and laics. What follows is a letter sent to a Maryknoll priest in China by a keen, young Chinese—one of his parishioners, who writes:



CORPUS CHRISTI

OUR Lord Jesus Christ, Who the day before He suffered, took bread into His holy and venerable hands, and with His eyes lifted up to heaven unto Thee, God, His Almighty Father, giving thanks to Thee, He blessed, brake, and gave to His disciples, saying: Take and eat ye all of this, **FOR THIS IS MY BODY.**

(Canon of the Mass)

Since I have been in America, I have never seen a Chinese Catholic go to a Catholic Church, except in S. F. They are all met by friends, who lead them to the Protestant churches. These Protestant churches have paid teachers and catechists, some of them imported each year from Toi Shan, and also, occasionally, from Hoi Peng; so that Catholics usually become perverted, or lose interest. Not because they want to, but because their friends drag them there. They do not know English, and it may be to get the language, or because of friendship, or just because they are "with the crowd". **IT IS VERY HARD FOR A NEWLY ARRIVED CHINESE IN AMERICA NOT TO GO.**

WORTH WHILE?

Two volumes will help you to form a just estimate of the Chinese people and the value of mission work among them. See page 169 for the special price on **MARYKNOLL MISSION LETTERS.**

IN REALITY THEY CAN, FOR

THE "Redder" the Soviet, the more active he becomes, but he scorches what he touches, because he hates.

The follower of Christ, whose zeal is at white-heat, purifies himself and others, because he loves—but among so many of us who claim Christ as our Head, zeal is dulled. If so, why not learn from the enemy? Note how Soviet energies are bent on the young, the men and women of tomorrow. This is the Soviet hope of success. The Christian hope of rescuing the innocent from the toils of Satan lies also in the young of today. Wherever we can reach him, we must not lose the opportunity of winning his love for Christ.

What will it profit to have a fine record in Mathematics or Literature, and to have no concern for the spread of Christianity?

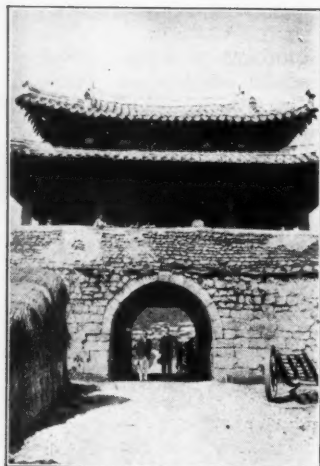
IT is commonly known that one of the hardest trials of Catholic missionaries is to see splendid openings, while unable for lack of means or personnel to take advantage of them.

Today more than ever in the Far East, the Catholic Church is anxious to reach and to teach the young. The need of schools is vital, the desire for knowledge is strong and spreading, but requirements for government recognition now call for equipment that it is next to impossible for Catholic missions to provide.

It is good to feel that mission interest is gradually developing among American Catholics, but we have yet far to go, if we would appreciate adequately the needs and the opportunities that present themselves so forcibly to the laborers in the field itself.

Encouraging is the co-operation that has come, but it has come from comparatively few. We must reach the youth of today, so as to have mission-lovers for tomorrow, and, as we see it, the open door of the Catholic school is the missionaries' one great hope.

Korea has a New Prefect Apostolic — The



The old Korean towns, like those of China, had stout walls and massive gates



MARYKNOLL-IN-
KOREA is happy in the appointment of the Rt. Rev. Msgr. John E. Morris, M. M., as its second Prefect Apostolic. It has been without one since Monsignor Byrne, its pioneer missionary and first Prefect Apostolic, was recalled to the United States last summer for the first General Chapter of his Society, and "doomed" to exile from

his Chosen Land, since he was elected Assistant to the Superior General. Cable news of Monsignor Morris' appointment came from Rome on April first, but no one said "April fool".

Korea's Debt to Fall River—

Monsignor Morris came to Maryknoll from Fall River, Massachusetts, where he was born, grew up, and was ordained to the priesthood, in 1914. For seven years after his ordination, he was curate in St. Joseph's Parish, Fall River, and when he joined our Society, in 1921, his former flock gave him a generous donation for his new work. His bishop, the Rt. Rev. Daniel F. Feehan, D.D., wrote: *Though we regret to lose this good and devoted priest, we cannot refuse him to your splendid cause.*

Monsignor Morris began his life at Maryknoll as a member of the faculty of our Vénard Preparatory College at Clarks Summit, Pennsylvania. Later, he was selected as one of our "propagandists", and "talked Maryknoll" with unflagging zeal in a number of dioceses. In November, 1923, he was assigned to the Maryknoll Korean Mission, then still in its beginnings. His first "parish" was the small agricultural town of

Yeng You, and its thirty out-stations.

Yeng You in June, 1923—

When Monsignor Byrne visited Yeng You in June, 1923, he recorded his findings as follows, "Church: Material—mud; Condition—no ventilation, no light, no heat. Schools: None. Rectory: Material—mud; Utmost capacity—two; Condition—excellent, for mud."

Three Years Later—

In 1926, the Maryknoll Superior General's visitation of his missionaries in the Orient brought him to Yeng You, and he wrote of it:

I was not prepared for the Yeng You that greeted us. It was truly a lovely scene, a valley of homes, surrounded by freshly upturned fields, and fringed with hills. Near us were blossoming fruit trees, and off in the distance, mounted on a marked rise of land, we spied St. Patrick's Church.

From previous accounts, I had not at all fully visioned this new complete



THE INTERIOR OF ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, YENG YOU



MONSIGNOR MORRIS, M.M., AND OTHER MISSIONARIES

The Rt. Rev. Msgr. John E. Morris, M. M.

brick church at Yeng You, holding comfortably at least four hundred people, nor the commodious house behind it that had been serving not only as a priests' residence, but as a language school for new missionaries.

How the pastor's lips twitched, and his eyes twinkled as we climbed the hill, passing between the lines of his proud and happy flock up into the church that would do credit to the average American parish, even in the Fall River diocese—the *beau idéal* of this pastor of Yeng You.

I recall expressing a wish at that moment that Bishop Feehan, from whose diocese came at least six of the missionaries whom I have met on this visitation, might have been with us to bless the church, and to confirm the flock for which his diocese has provided not only the shepherd, but, to a considerable extent, shelter and food.

Bonus Pastor—

In addition to the labor which has made of Yeng You a model mission plant, Monsignor Morris has given proof of tireless energy

and courage in acquiring the difficult Korean language. He achieved a fine grasp of it in a remarkably short time, and became the first director of the Language School for new missionaries, which he himself had constructed at Yeng You.

He has done much for the training of native seminarians and native catechists in the Maryknoll Korean field. During recent years, he has added to his activities the guidance of a convent of Maryknoll Sisters, who conduct an industrial school for women and girls at Yeng You.

But no mere list of activities, however extensive, can give an adequate idea of Monsignor Morris' devotion to his adopted people. There are the abandoned Korean waifs to whom he has given shelter, and who call him "priest-papa"; the fine young men whose ambitions he has made his own, and for whom he has procured an opportunity to study in America; the wretched families, victims of want and disease, whom he has fed and clothed, and countless others, who will one day bear witness to his charity before the Throne of God.

None will rejoice more than the Korean Catholics of the Maryknoll Mission in the honor which



The chapel and little flock in one of Msgr. Morris' mission stations

has come to Monsignor Morris. We join them in saying: *Ad multos annos!*

The Catechists' Retreat—

The most recent letter received at the Home Knoll from Monsignor Morris contains the following interesting passages:

If you had happened into Yeng You between February twelfth and sixteenth, you could very easily have mis-



M., AND SOME OF HIS ZEALOUS KOREAN CATECHISTS



THE CROSS OF ST. PATRICK'S DOMINATES YENG YOU

taken our mission for a monastic community. Our annual catechists' retreat was being held under the guidance of Father Saw, a native priest, who, before the arrival of Maryknollers in Korea, was in charge of our present Gishu mission. He had prepared for our catechists a full schedule, which, from morning rising at six o'clock to the retiring hour at ten in the evening, left little time for leisure or rest.

It is worthy of note that most of these catechists give their services gratis, that they traveled five, ten, and fifteen miles to follow this hard program, and at the end made an offering to cover the cost of the food consumed, besides taking up a collection to help with the mission school expenses, though most of them live too far away for their children to share in its benefits.

Honestly, they put me to shame with their generosity and fervor.

While here on retreat, these thirty-odd men and women were huddled into two small native huts for sleeping quarters, and yet there was no complaint. However, I must try to prepare more comfortable quarters for next year's retreat. If we had a parish hall, as is customary at the Korean central missions, the retreatants could be provided for properly.

Wanted, a Parish Hall—

This is a sore need, as, on Sundays and feast days, when large numbers of our flock come in from the out-stations to receive the Sacraments, there is no convenient place to assemble them, and to welcome the many who are preparing for Baptism. A parish hall near the church would provide a place for these purposes, and we could install a cafeteria for the relief of those living at a distance, who would like to receive the Sacraments and yet not be exposed to faint on the way.

With this need in mind, I appealed to all my flock for contributions, and I proposed that the men forego tobacco and strong liquors during the Lenten season, that the women do some similar penance, and that the money saved be contributed towards the hoped for parish hall. I, on my part, offered to try to interest in this Yeng You project our mission friends "back home".

Preparatory Colleges-Entrance Conditions

THESE are located at Clarks Summit, Pa., Mount Washington, Cincinnati, and Los Altos, California.

The courses at the preparatory colleges include four years of high school, and the first two years (Freshman and Sophomore) of College. A student may enter at any year.

The requirements are as follows:

- (a) a certificate of entrance to a high school, or if farther advanced, a passing mark in the class which he has finished;
- (b) a recommendation from a priest;
- (c) a certificate of good health;
- (d) certificates of Baptism, Confirmation, and of parents' marriage.

The Preparatory College candidate should have a generous spirit, and, young though he be, a special attraction to foreign missions.

A tuition fee is not asked for preparatory students, but there is a nominal charge for board, medical aid, books, and stationery. This may be -aid monthly, or by the term.

Developments In Cincinnati

THE first Bridge Party for the benefit of the Maryknoll Junior Seminary at Mount Washington in Cincinnati was given at the Sinton Hotel, shortly after Easter. It was similar to the parties held annually at the Fairmont Hotel in San Francisco, and at the Baltimore Hotel in Los Angeles, for the benefit of the Maryknoll Junior Seminary at Los Altos in California.

This first affair in Cincinnati was a complete success. It was attended by several hundreds of women from Cincinnati and

neighboring places, and it included a delegation from nearby Kentucky. Interest was awakened as far away as California—in fact the first reservation for the bridge came by air-mail from a prominent lady in San Francisco. We are grateful to the hundreds of friends who attended, and helped with the party, to the management of the Sinton Hotel for their kindness, and to the newspapers of Cincinnati for the splendid publicity so graciously given us.

You will recall that our incipient orchestra, languishing away because of the lack of a piano, inserted an appeal in THE FIELD AFAR, to the effect that such an instrument would be highly appreciated. A good friend of Maryknoll on Price Hill read of our need, and we are now the proud possessors of a fine piano, which formerly did credit to her home. Our orchestra may never get "on the air", but plenty of musical airs (and some vocalizing not so musical) emanate from Maryknoll-in-Cincinnati, when the weather man misbehaves.

Having been more than surprised with the results secured through our first appeal, we are now going to try another. Advance registrations for next September at Maryknoll in the Queen City indicate that the present quarters are apt to be a bit crowded. The Reverend Director has made a tour of the present quarters about thirty times recently, placing imaginary beds, and has just about decided that he'll have to call in the Pullman Company to build a few sets of Uppers and Lovers, if all who threaten to report make their appearance.

He has asked Ye Chronicler, therefore, to insert this little appeal: *Needed—One Seminary Building. Anyone desiring to supply, in whole or in part, address the Reverend Director, Maryknoll Junior Seminary, Mount Washington, Cincinnati, Ohio. Telegrams announcing donations may be sent collect.*

**Visitors' Day—**

OUR annual Visitors' Day was also this year Departure Day. Due to a new arrangement, by which our missionaries take their departure from Maryknoll at the end of July, instead of in September, we feared that a departure ceremony at the Vénard had become merely an event in history. But the good news arrived from Maryknoll that outgoing missionaries, who were old Vénarders, would be with us for Visitors' Day.

Catholic ladies of Scranton sacrifice much time and effort to make Visitors' Day a social success. On this occasion, we usually sit back and watch them provide refreshments for the visitors, to the satisfaction of all, and without expense to the College. For the past few years, Visitors' Day has brought nearly a thousand friends to our campus.

Camp Venard—

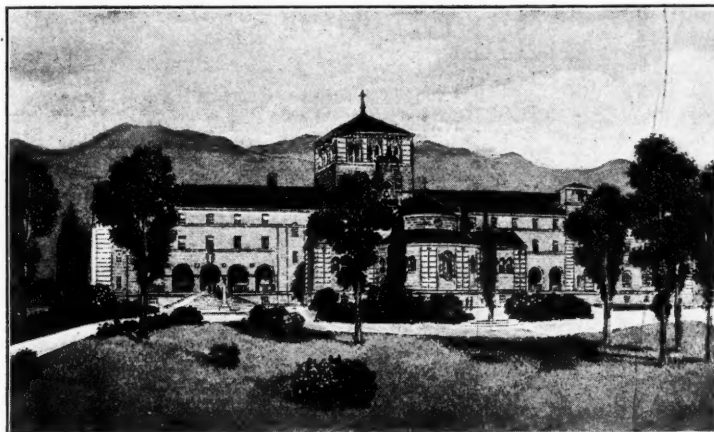
We are now ready for the invasion of our summer campers, and look forward this year to a record-breaking attendance. During the spring months, the wooden platforms, on which the tents will be set up, have been put in place. All will be ready for the opening at the end of the present month.

The Swimming Pool—

The most popular out-of-door sport these days is the swimming pool. Since the missionary may be occasionally "in perils of water", we have been asked if students are obliged to learn to swim! The presence of a swimming pool on our own property takes care of that. The chief difficulty is in keeping the more venturesome spirits away from the water during the chill of early spring. Once the warmth of June has come, each recreation period finds the students splashing about in the pool, which their own labor has made adequate for their needs.

Delicate(ssen) Hints—

The *Maestro* reproches us for neglecting to mention the Vénard Orchestra. We have enjoyed a number of concerts this year, and willingly listen



OUR FIRST PREPARATORY COLLEGE NEAR SCRANTON, PA.

The Chapel, a Memorial to the late Bishop Hoban, shows in the center of the foreground

to the practice sessions. What more can we say in approval? You may ask, "Why not a band, rather than an

orchestra?" That is just what we were thinking, but—we hesitate to say it—we need more instruments. Strange that we should be lacking in "brass".

While we are in the mood to suggest, our Biology Professor rises to ask if any doctors among our readers are ready to discard their microscopes to make room for new ones. A number of these can be put to good use in solving the mysteries of the "fauna and flora" that have been collecting for experimental work.

Our Library—

We spoke recently of our growing library. A thoughtful gift, and a valuable addition was made by Father Francis P. Donnelly, S.J., (a native of the Scranton diocese) who sent us a complete autographed set of his works. Needless to say, the Vénard had already been well acquainted with the fine spiritual and scholarly writings of this gifted priest.

**FOR THE BISHOP HOBAN
MEMORIAL CHAPEL AT THE
MARYKNOLL COLLEGE, PA.**

(Under this head, we shall register offerings received from month to month. The cost of the Chapel, unfurnished, is estimated at \$75,000.)

Received to date for the unfurnished Chapel:

From Priests \$1,025.00
From Lay Friends 589.12

\$1,614.12

BISHOP HOBAN MEMORIAL

WE welcome offerings to meet the cost of the construction of the Chapel at *The Venard*—our Preparatory College in the Diocese of Scranton.

Friends of the late Bishop Hoban may take advantage of this occasion to express their regard for a beloved prelate, whose interest in the mission cause will be commemorated by this Chapel where young aspirant missionaries keep alive the flame of their zeal.

Maryknolls On the Pacific Coast

San Juan Bautista

THE *Historical Pageant* attracted thousands of tourists last summer to the old California Mission of San Juan Bautista, now cared for by Maryknollers. Recent news from Fr. Caffrey, M.M., the San Juan pastor, seems to indicate that this year's *Pageant* will eclipse even last year's celebration.

The "great day" is scheduled for Sunday, June twenty-second.

The Japangeles Flock

THE parents of the children held their annual meeting in the spring. They set apart a half day each year to discuss in detail how the Maryknoll School can best extend its activities. Their spirit of co-operation is splendid.

This year, the acquisition of additional property for playground space is necessary. At present, it is almost impossible for four hun-

number are hotel workers. Most of the rest have small restaurants, markets, or a grocery business. United however for a common purpose, their combined offerings for any particular cause make a goodly sum. Recently, a friend here asked how we supported the work, and, though it may seem strange, we had to confess that ninety per cent of the financial assistance for the mission comes from non-Catholics.



LOCAL COLOR AND TALENT OF THE 1929 PAGEANT OF SAN JUAN BAUTISTA

Recent news from Fr. Caffrey, M.M., the San Juan pastor, seems to indicate that this year's Pageant will eclipse even last year's celebration

There will be four Masses, at various hours; a parade, where Indian costumes and customs will be emphasized; a Spanish barbecue; a Spanish musicale; and two performances of the *Pageant of San Juan Bautista*.

Catholics who find themselves in the vicinity of San Juan Bautista in June have a rare opportunity of seeing re-lived before them the colorful Christian civilization which Spanish padres of the eighteenth century brought forth out of a pagan wilderness.

dred and five children to play in a yard fifty feet wide, and ninety feet long. To remedy this situation, the parents selected at this meeting committees of men to go to all the one hundred and eighty families represented in the school. Each family promised to pay, in monthly installments over a period of one year, the total of at least twenty-five dollars. They will faithfully keep their promise so that, at the end of the year, the necessary amount will be on hand to purchase the new property.

Among the school parents, there are no wealthy ones. The greater

Every afternoon, our Japanese children in the fifth and sixth grades make one-minute meditations. Recently, we asked the little ones to write down their thoughts, and the results brought home to us what a beautiful garden for the seed of Divine Grace is the soul of a child, even before it has passed through the saving waters of Baptism. Some of the meditations follow:

In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen. My Jesus, have mercy on me. My Jesus, I want to think about You at the foot of the Cross. My Jesus, make me be a good boy. I am so bad to You, and You are so good to me. Make me think about you more. My Jesus, don't let me commit a sin any more. I am asking You.

Minoru Nakamura, Grade A 6

Dear Lord, I am but a little nothing to You. You are so big, sitting up in heaven. You are so good to give us all these birds and animals. My Jesus, Mercy!

Frank Horuichi, Grade 6

Every afternoon, we close our eyes, and think about God. I like best to think I am going to be a Catholic soon. Once I was thinking about going to heaven. When I was going in, I saw a light before my eyes. It was God Whom I saw. "Come in", His sweet voice said.

Yasuye Fujimoto, Grade B 5

The Field Afar for life, \$50.

The Field Afar for 6 years, \$5.

WHEREBY THEY CAN ENJOY

BECOME an Associate Member.

I want to be a Catholic before I die. I want to see God. To see God, we must have pure thoughts, pure bodies and pure minds, and no mortal sins in our hearts. Let us all try to be clean in thought, body, and mind, and have no mortal sins.

Shizuye Kobayashi, Grade 6

I am by the roadside, and I see Jesus coming with the Cross. Jesus looks at me. I feel as if I should be the one carrying the Cross, because it was for my sins that He had to be crucified.

Cecilia Yamamoto, Grade A 6

Oh! my God. I love You more and more every time I think about You, my God.

David Satoshi Nagao, Grade 6

Graduation exercises took place on the twenty-second of June this year. They began at 1:30 p.m., and were not completed until 7:00 in the evening. Every class in the school, from the kindergarten up, and including the high school children who take their Japanese classes here, presented an act for the assembled parents and friends. The chief speakers of the day were the Chancellor of the Diocese, the Japanese Consul, and the President of the Japanese Association.



SHIZUKO of the almond eyes,
Whose sparkling, laughing glance
belies

The sadness of your plaintive voice
Pleading for pictures of your choice,
Do you wonder as you sit there,
Straight at your little desk and chair,
Of what I'm thinking, as I look
Down on you, from behind my book?
To you I seem so wise and sere:

Yet 'tis not ages past, my dear,
Since I sat in a schoolroom row,
Listening to tales of those who go
To lands where little buds like you
Thirst for Baptism's saving dew.
I answered Christ's appealing call,
And He brought me to you and all
Your tiny classmates—pagan still.
And now I pray, if 'tis His Will,
Before you're caught in life's great
swirl,

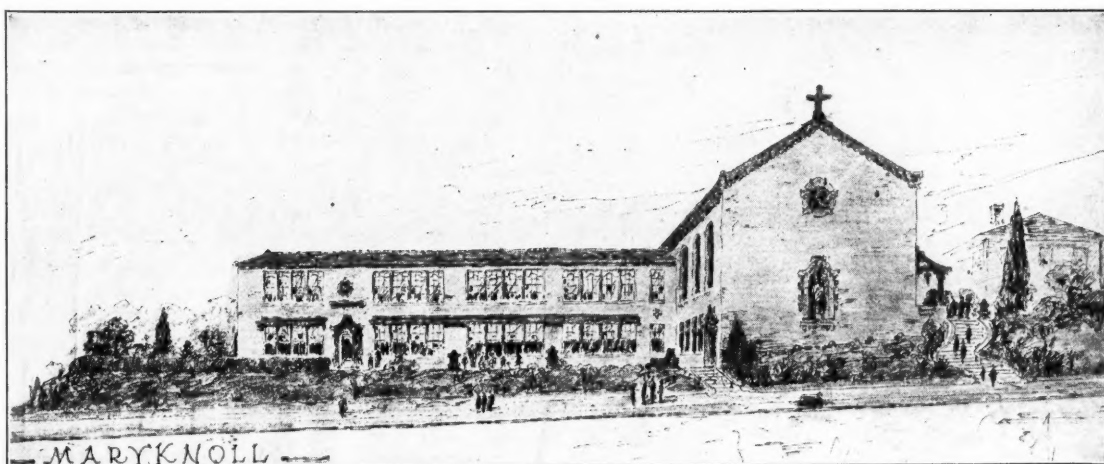
You'll be Our Lady's little girl.
The yellow roses bloom as sweet
As the white blossoms at her feet.

—S. M. I.

FRIENDS of Maryknoll can hurt our cause by forgetting that we are only a small company in the overseas army of Christ. We enjoy our friends, we are happy and grateful in the assurance of their loyalty, but as we ourselves wish to be always "bigger than our Society", so we would have our friends offer devoted help also to the world-wide congregation that tries to do what it can for all needy missions. We refer to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, which is today organized in most dioceses of the United States, and which deserves a nation-wide membership.

Seattle Progress

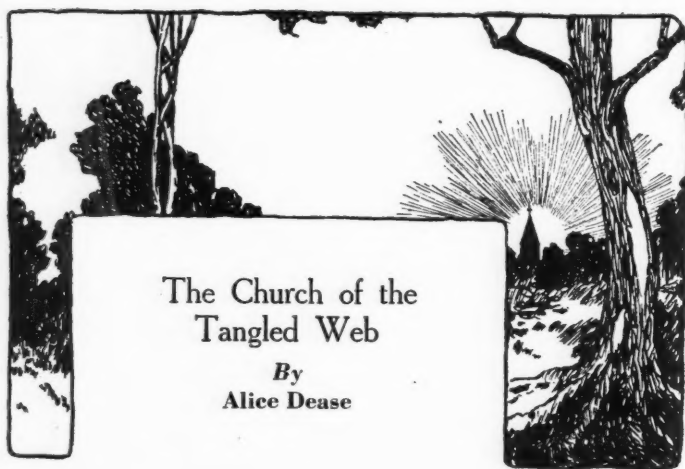
GROUND was broken in February for the Maryknoll Chapel and School at Seattle. That was a memorable day for our faithful Japanese flock. Bishop O'Dea, their Father in Christ, was present. So, too, was their much esteemed Consul, Mr. Seumasu Okamoto, representing the Fatherland. The Mayor of Seattle expressed his interest, and sent to the simple ceremonies his Superintendent of Public Works. Church, Fatherland, and State combined to make the event a very happy memory.



THE SEATTLE MARYKNOLL BUILDING WILL PROVIDE CLASSROOMS, AND A CHURCH, SEATING THREE HUNDRED

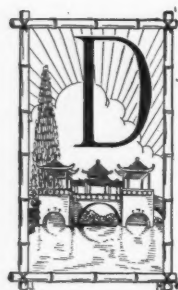
Steam shovels are on the ground, writes Fr. Murrett, M.M., reducing the bank to the street, and our bank account even lower

THE USE OF THEIR SAVINGS FOR LIFE



The Church of the Tangled Web

By
Alice Dease



DURING one of Fr. Gerard's rare visits to the city, he and Fr. Loughran were talking together, each enjoying for once the company of a fellow priest and fellow countryman. The name of a place in the huge district in charge of the former had been mentioned, and Fr. Loughran at once asked if he was not very proud of his church.

"Church?" repeated Fr. Gerard. "There is no church in that village, though it is one of the places which needs a church badly."

"But the church of Our Lady," insisted Fr. Loughran, "I believe I have a sketch of it here in my breviary." He turned over the leaves of his office book, and handed to his companion a folded paper, on which a rough drawing of the plan and elevation of a church had been carefully made out. "I thought," he went on, "both from the sketch, and from the details which I have so often had described to me, that it was such an excellent design for an inexpensive village church that I have kept it by me."

With a very puzzled look on his face, Fr. Gerard examined the sketch carefully.

"Yes," he said, "it is an exceedingly good design, but—what I don't understand is, if it is in my district, why

neither my predecessor, nor the Vicar Apostolic when he appointed me, told me of its existence. Tell me, who gave you this drawing, and told you about it?"

"Well, it was like this," replied Fr. Loughran, "there is a home for old folks attached to the convent I serve, and among the patients is an old, blind man, who actually helped to build the church. 'My church' he calls it, and he has talked to me so much about it, that I almost imagine I have seen it, especially since he has given me this design. It is said that he has never seen it himself, for he lost his sight soon after the foundations were begun. But he has described it to me so often that, even without the sketch, I could tell you everything about it."

He went on to tell of the picture that the old man's frequently repeated descriptions had impressed upon his mind. The church of Our Lady stood in a sort of ravine, with high ground behind it, and below it, earthen-walled houses, with flat, or slightly rounded roofs, and all with a verandah, or deep, shady

The convent in your parish would certainly appreciate material for spiritual reading, and would welcome a subscription to **THE FIELD AFAR**, or the gift of a Maryknoll book. Very few people realize how much our self-sacrificing Sisters appreciate these spiritual helps.

eaves around them. It was a large village, the blind man had said, and a goodly number of Catholics lived thereabouts, though until the Church of Our Lady was built, they had neither priest (that they had not even yet), nor place to meet, wherein to say their prayers.

"And that they had a place now is news to me," said Fr. Gerard under his breath, but aloud he begged Fr. Loughran to continue his description.

"The church itself", went on the latter, nothing loth, "is like the houses around a low building; but it is square, as you can see in the sketch, and it covers as much ground as a dozen of the little houses. My old man, Liou, and his neighbors levelled the ground for the foundation, and built a low wall with three gates in it, to keep their site enclosed safely. Opposite the gates, are three wide doors that are shown on his design, arched above, the center one surmounted by similarly rounded windows, also three in number, and lying quite close to the flat moulding of the facade." The priest was pointing out each feature that he named in the sketch, but it was evident that he also had other knowledge—Liou's description, of which he spoke.

The more Fr. Loughran explained, the more puzzled Fr. Gerard became over the Vicar Apostolic's silence about the existence of this church; and when he returned home a few days later, he made another search among his papers for any mention of it, but without success. His catechist, like himself, had not been long in the district, and there was no one at headquarters who knew anything of the outlying villages, so the priest's curiosity had to remain unassuaged, until he could visit the district himself.

This occurred some weeks later, when he and his catechist rode the sixty miles which separated the central mission from the village where Fr. Loughran had said the Church of Our Lady was to be seen.

Below the riders, as the blind man, Liou, had said, were the houses of a village—mud-walled, flat-roofed, just as he had described them—but the church that in his picture formed the middle distance of the view was not to be seen.

YET PROVIDE THAT AFTER THEIR DEATH

A careful scrutiny showed the low wall with the three gates, surrounding a levelled piece of land, but no building of any kind stood upon it. It was, in fact, nothing but a patch of dead weeds and herbage. There was certainly something very curious to be explained.

The sound of the horses' feet brought more than one head to the doors, and as soon as it was seen that one of the newcomers was a missionary, the news appeared to spread like magic.

"The Father has come. The Father is here!" And almost immediately the priest found his horse's bridle seized, and he was being led away by a man who made him understand that his house was to have the honor of sheltering him.

"But the church," asked Fr. Gerard, "where is the church?"

His guide, Wu by name, shook his head. He thought that he had misunderstood the priest's question, and very slowly, as though speaking to a child, he explained that his house was to serve as church as well as lodging. It was a little larger than some of the huts around, but Fr. Gerard knew from the notes left behind by his predecessor that there were eighty baptized Christians in the district, and he did not see how that number of people could possibly fit into the living room of Wu's dwelling.

The master of the house had vacated his own sleeping apartment for Fr. Gerard's accommodation, and by setting the portable altar within the doorway, the whole of the outer room would be free for the congregation to squeeze into in the morning, when Mass would be said.

There were still some hours of daylight, so the priest decided to begin his rounds amongst the nearest houses. His host providing two young men as guides, one for the Father, and one for the catechist, they set off.

"The Father is here." At every house the introduction was the same, as was the procedure that followed. The priest greeted each member of the family, after which old and young alike had to undergo an examination in the catechism. As there had been a general warning that this visit was about to take place, they had all had time to rub up their knowledge of the subject. It

was perhaps a greater ordeal to the examiner, whose knowledge of the dialect of the district was far from perfect, than to those examined; but somehow or other he got through with it all, and as he heard confessions until well into the night, the burning question of the church—which evidently did not exist—escaped him.

It was not until the following morning, when every available inch of space was filled by a kneeling throng, and the priest became aware that, despite the cold weather, there were some hearing Mass in the yard outside, that he remembered having left the mystery of the church unsolved.

At his breakfast, he questioned his host, and the first thing he discovered was that the old blind Liou was the



Old blind Liou had been the chief Christian, and the best builder in the place

uncle of the man he was speaking to, and had lived in that very house. But the priest's questions as to the church were suavely put aside, and it was only when they were alone that his host addressed him.

"Father," he said, "I am a very wicked man."

"My poor friend," replied the priest, "would it help you if you were to tell me about it?"

"Help, perhaps, but cure, no," replied Wu sadly. "I have lied, and I must lie."

This did not sound very promising, but the story that the man proceeded to tell explained the mysterious self accusation.

Old blind Liou had been the chief Christian, and the best builder in the place. When the priest came over from his headquarters, as Fr. Gerard was doing then, it was with Liou that he consulted as to the development of the mission. Even then there were too many Christians for a dwelling house to serve as meeting place, and between them these two drew out a plan for a church. The villagers had no funds, but all were willing to give their labor free. So, securing a derelict piece of ground above the village, they cleared it, and under the supervision of Liou built a low wall around it, and began to dig the foundations—such as they were—for the church of which Fr. Loughran possessed the sketch. Wu showed Fr. Gerard the complete picture, which he had drawn himself.

The foundation stone had been laid, and all seemed to be going well, when everything was brought to a standstill by an accident to old Liou while he was building, and also by the death of the priest, who could not at the moment be replaced, owing to the scarcity of laborers in the vineyard.

For several weeks old Liou lay at death's door, and then he grew slowly better, but his sight was destroyed. Wu and his wife had tended the old man patiently and well for many weeks, and it was then that the deception began. To calm him and make him happy in his illness, Wu began by agreeing when Liou said that this or that point must have been reached in the building of the church. When a place was offered to the old man in the

distant city home, it soothed him in his enforced banishment to be told that the church, *his church*, was progressing. The tangled web of deceit grew more and more difficult to smooth out.

Old Liou's heart was so firmly fixed upon his church that, when his nephew visited him, his first question was as to how the building progressed. So the progress of the tangled web went on. Once a year Wu visited the city. The blind man had calculated exactly how much had been done at the church, so that Wu had only to agree, and to invent details.

Then the deceit had taken a new turn. Wu was asked to describe the functions that took place in the imaginarily completed building, and he would tell of what really happened on the very rare visit of a priest to his own house.

Of course, had the priest been consulted before Wu started on his path of deceit, he would have condemned it. But now the question was really a difficult one. If old blind Liou were told the truth, not only would the one great joy of his life be taken from him, but the trial of blindness would be greatly increased by the feeling that he had been deceived.

Fortunately, the annual visit that Wu paid to his uncle was just over, so the need for further untruth would not occur for a whole year, but the problem lay heavily on Fr. Gerard's mind. When he next saw his superior, he told him of the tangled web. One word from the superior started the untangling. He said, "Build".

The willing efforts of the people were again called upon, the plans were brought out, and with Wu in the place of his uncle, and Fr. Gerard doing what his predecessor had hoped to do, the dream walls took form. Before the time came around again for Wu's visit to the city, there was a real Mass to tell of, and real progress to record in the locality, as is always the case when it is possible to open a church.

Wu, with conscience at rest, is able to devote himself, as his uncle would have done, to the interests of Christianity. Liou is happy in his blindness at the thought that his life work has eventuated, and doubtless his continual prayers are of as much help to Fr. Gerard's labors as his nephew's handicraft.

Maryknoll Major Seminary-Entrance Conditions

THE central house of studies is located at Ossining, N. Y., thirty miles out on the Grand Central Railroad.

The courses are substantially those pursued in Diocesan Seminaries—two years of Philosophy and four years of Theology—with certain modifications adapted to the missionary's life.

The requirements are

- (a) a holy ambition to save souls;
- (b) special attraction to foreign missions;
- (c) a spirit of sacrifice and prayer;
- (d) a recommendation from a priest;
- (e) strength of mind and body;
- (f) at least average talent;
- (g) certificates of Baptism, Confirmation, and of parents' marriage;
- (h) equivalent of a six-year course in Latin, with usual accompanying studies.

Burses are provided for board and tuition. Other charges; e.g., for medical needs, books, stationery, and so forth, are comparatively small. Major Seminary students are allowed a month in their homes each summer.

Odds and Ends

THIS year we invited a section of our readers to participate in our *Novena of Grace*. Before the novena was over, a mother wrote, expressing her joy and gratitude in finding a son lost for four years.

The late Father Turner of White Plains left his library to Maryknoll. Father Turner was a brother of the present Bishop of Buffalo, and, until his assignment

to a parish, was a professor at the New York Diocesan Seminary, *Dunwoodie*.

Homer says that modesty is not good for a needy man. We wonder if that is why Maryknolls at home and abroad are all in debt, or ready to enter its shadows.

Chinatown, San Francisco, now boasts a Chinese brokerage in which is displayed the regulation ticker tape and bulletin board, the latter done in Chinese colors with a typical turned-up canopy. The New York stock market listings are designated with Chinese characters.

A clipping from the advance sheets of the *Dictionary of American Biography* gives the life record of Father Joseph Chaumonot, the Jesuit missionary among the Huron Indians. If all the outstanding representatives of the Catholic Church in our country are given equal consideration, this volume will certainly be a valuable reference book.

It is one out of a hundred thousand who would answer an appeal for a set of the new *Encyclopedia Britannica* (twenty-four volumes, costing \$129), and we hesitated to try, but the Maryknoll Librarian encouraged us, and we made the appeal last February. A reader in Middletown, Ohio, proved to be the one in a hundred thousand. He has gladdened us all, and we are grateful.

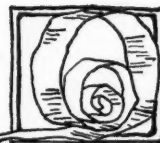
The late Father George M. FitzGerald of Westfield, Massachusetts, was a friend of Maryknoll from its beginning, in 1911.

He was the pastor of one of the first groups of young women who offered their services to the founders, and encouraged one of the first Circles.

It is especially gratifying now to register the gift of a hundred dollars as the nucleus of a Bursary to be built in memory of Father FitzGerald. It will be listed as the *Rev. George M. FitzGerald Bursary*.



THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR LEAGUE



School Days

"GOING home, Jack?" "I'll be with you in a minute, Bill." Jack Daly ran over to the bench and picked up his books which had been lying there while he practiced with the rest of the team.

"Well, one more exam and we'll be all finished," he remarked as he joined Billy Jones.

"That's right, Jack, and then—vacation!"

"Say, if you don't mind, let's take the path through the woods; it's cooler through there."

"Yes, and the woods are pretty nowadays—remember that verse—

"In the shade of quiet trees—"

"Guess you mean: 'In the shade of the old apple tree'. Forget the poetry, Jack. We're going through the woods to finish our talk of this noon. Are you still planning on going to Maryknoll next year?"

"Of course, I am, Bill, and you can say what you please."

"But don't you think it'll be awfully hard on your mother if you leave her like that and go away off to China?"

"Yes, you're right there, it is asking a lot of her, but mother doesn't object. She would like to have me stay in this country, of course, but she says that St. Patrick was a missionary, and if he hadn't gone to Ireland with the teachings of Our Lord where would the Irish people be now; where would she be—and where would I be? Still offering up roosters to idols. I'm a Catholic and I'm glad of it, and I'm going away to help others become Catholics, too."

"But still, Jack, don't you think there is a great deal to do right here in our own country? Look at the millions and millions that ought to be converted!"

"True enough, Bill, there's a lot to be done right here at home, but there's even more to do over there.

Just look yourself at the few priests working there and the big number of the missions. Why there aren't nearly enough priests to take care of even the Christians over there, and to instruct those who want to become Christians. How about that holy card you have in your book, Bill; I mean that picture of Our Lord with His apostles where He is saying to them—'Go teach all nations.'"

"I guess you're right Jack. I never thought of it that way before. Well here's where I turn off. See you in the morning. So long."

"So long. Don't forget your history."



MISSION JUNIORS

Japanese tots at Maryknoll-in-Seattle in action over a candy treat. (1) Gimme! Gimme! (2) Dividing the spoils. (3) Possession!

Essay Contest

Théophane Vénard as a boy wished to become a missionary. His boyhood dream came true, and like his Master he laid down his life for his sheep. What a grand inspiration for any boy. Now, he was a true missionary, and—taking him for my model—I, too, wish to become a missionary. To think of the numberless souls living in darkness and not knowing Our Lord makes me wish more than ever to become a missionary. What a joy to suffer for Christ and win the martyr's crown.

Catholics living in this land of ease and plenty should consider it their special duty to help the missionaries. They could help them in so many ways. The priests on the missions need catechists, and this is one good way—help the missionary support a catechist.

Maryknoll was founded with the purpose of furnishing missionaries to spread the Gospel of Christ in foreign lands. Europe had been sending missionaries to foreign countries and it was beginning to look as though America had nothing but money to offer, until Maryknoll began sending missionaries into the pagan fields.

We must send missionaries to foreign lands because the pagans live in darkness. Our missionaries must lead them from idolatry. Our missionaries must instruct the pagans so that they can have native priests. Our missionaries have started seminaries in different lands, and the time will soon come when the good God will be pleased to look down on native priests offering up the Holy Sacrifice on the altars of foreign lands, due to the patience and teaching of our missionaries.

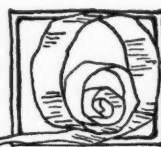
I, myself, can help the missionaries by my prayers and Communion, and by doing without some of the pleasures of life.

John C. Wilson, Pittsfield, Mass.,
Second Prize Winner

PRIESTS AND SISTERS FOR PAGAN LANDS.



THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR LEAGUE



DEAR JUNIORS:

Well, here it is June again. Another school year finished, and for some Juniors grammar school days are over forever.

Graduation time often brings a problem to boys and girls. "What shall I do now?" they ask themselves. It is not too early to begin to think about it, and at graduation time every boy and girl should have some idea about what he or she is going to do in life.

Do you know what you are going to do after graduation? Have you decided yet what you wish to be? Our Lord helps those who ask Him to help them. Ask Him to help you decide your vocation. Ask Him if He wants you to be a missionary.

No, Father Chin isn't talking from the pulpit, Juniors. He just thinks so much about each one of you, he wants to be sure you are going to "listen" for the message the Sacred Heart has for each one of you this blessed month.

Think hard, pray hard, and "listen" well, Juniors, and in the meantime be sure to have a

HAPPY SUMMERTIME !

Yours for real apostles,

Father Chin

PRIZE PUZZLES

1. WORD FINDING

How many words can you build from the word M-A-R-Y-K-N-O-L-L? Do not use any letter twice in the same word unless it occurs twice in Maryknoll; thus, you may use two l's as in roll, but not two r's as in marry.

2. HIDDEN COUNTRY

My first is in ocean but not in sea. My second is in health but not in sickness. My third is in mine but not in my. My fourth is in winter but not in summer. My fifth is in eye but not in sight. My whole is a mission country in Asia.

3. GEOGRAPHICAL ARITHMETIC

1. God's highest creation plus a boy's name equals a city in England. 2. A young lady plus a neuter verb, plus a small portion of liquid, plus an algebraic sign equals the longest body of water in the world. 3. A Monday occupation plus a unit of weight equals a famous capital. 4. A boy's name plus an evergreen tree, plus islands equals an American protectorate.

4. JUMBLED LETTERS

Here is the title of a Maryknoll "best seller". The words are spaced correctly, but the letters are jumbled for you to arrange correctly. SINIMOS TERTLES.

PICNIC WITH US

SO says Father Chin this jolly month of June. All year 'round he is welcoming Juniors to our hilltop, but when Johnny turns over the calendar to June first, he just rolls down his desk and prepares to spend the month entertaining his Junior visitors. Do you wonder why he enjoys June best of all?

Make your plans early and let us know what day you would like to come. Our compound is big enough to hold you all. Of course, all the Sisters must come, too, and if you know how to plead your cause, you'll even have Father Rector and some of the curates to celebrate the day with you.



OUR
PUP
SAYS



*I'm only a pup—a little pup;
I'm Johnny Junior's pet.
I stay with Johnny and Father
Chin
And I like them too—you bet!*

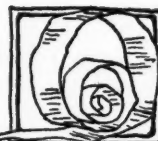
*I want to tell you Junior Folks
Who write to Father Chin
How happy he gets when the mail
man comes,
And your letters start tumbling
in.*

*He chuckles all over and beams
with delight
And starts singing and laughing
—and how!
So send him a line and make him
smile,
Sincerely yours—Bow-Wow!*

THIS IS CALLED THE ANNUITY PLAN



THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR LEAGUE



AS JUNIORS SEE IT

"WHEN we think of little boys and girls into whose hearts Christ has never gone, either spiritually or sacramentally, do we not realize why we must send missionaries to foreign lands?"

Marion Brogren, Eighth Grade, Our Lady of Lourdes School, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

"I wish to teach those millions of pagans why they were put on earth. To teach them that God sent them to know Him, to love Him, and to serve Him in this world, and to be happy with Him forever in the next; to baptize the poor little children who are left at the missionary's door day after day."

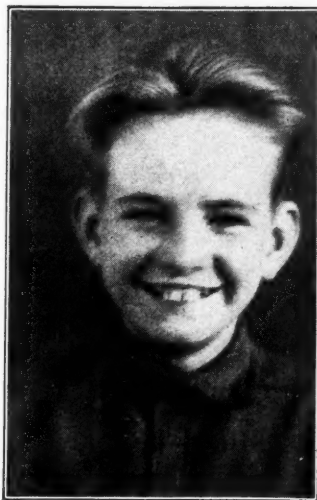
Marion E. Reynolds, Sacred Heart Academy, La Grande, Ore.

"Our prayers and good works cannot buy babies, but they may give some poor pagan mother or father the light to see our faith, or give some missionary who is weary the grace to persevere. Maybe it will give some wealthy people the light to see how much good our missionaries are doing and make them help them as we are trying to do."

Gertrude Markey, Academy of the Assumption, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

"Hundreds of Catholics in our country are doing absolutely nothing for the missions, not because they are unwilling, but because they know nothing about them. But there are hundreds of Catholics who do know about mission work, and have no excuse for not helping. These Catholics are not true disciples of Our Lord, Who willed, desired, and even commanded that the Gospel be preached to everyone. We are carelessly squandering the precious money which would help the missionaries. We do not realize this, but it is so. God is so much pleased to see us save a few pence and give it to the missionary."

Boleg Wickerski, St. Aemilian's, St. Francis, Wisc.



A JUNIOR LEADER
Edwin Larson, President of the Chinsters' Club, Our Lady's Academy, Manteno, Ill.

OUR BANNER

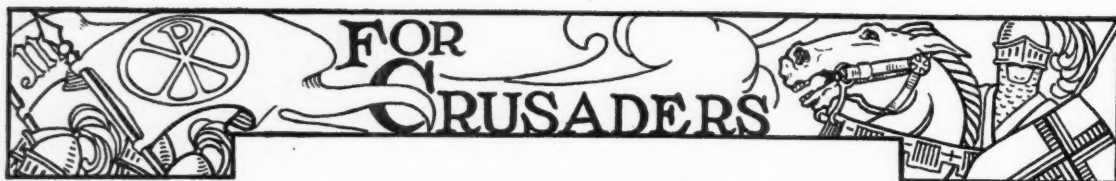
THEY are new Juniors this year but how fast they have learned the watchword—"Work and Prayer" for the missions! Every time Father Chin hears from the Juniors at St. Matthias' School, Bala, Pa., they are up to something new. This time he and Johnny decided to turn the tables and surprise them with the Maryknoll Banner. And now they are sending an S.O.S. for a real missionary to tell them about the missions. Be on the lookout, Juniors! Father Chin and Johnny may take a trip down in the Bluegown.

If he just had room Father Chin would like to give you the names of all the classes and schools that have done such valiant work for the missions this year.

THE MISSIONER'S MOTHER GOOSE.

Jack and Jill
Went up the hill
That leads to Maryknoll;
And there they'll work
Nor duty shirk
For Heaven is their goal!

AND CONSISTS IN SENDING TO MARYKNOLL



SUMMER KNIGHTS

JUNE!—blue skies, green fields, long days, that tired feeling; examinations, commencement; chivalric ideals, noble ambitions! Vacation!—free-time; fishing, swimming, boating, tennis, golf, baseball; idleness—and then what? Boredom! Isn't that the answer?

Knee-deep in June—and examinations—the ol' swimmin' hole and golf-links look all-alluring, paradisiac—almost worth playing hookey for. But about knee-deep in August rested bodies become upset by the urge of arrested ambitions. Idleness palls, pleasure bores; enough is as good as a feast! The chivalric urge that lies deep in the soul of every Crusader claims its birthright.

The Student Mission Crusader cannot, perhaps, "ride abroad redressing human wrongs", but in these perfect days, when
"Every clod feels a stir of might,

*An instinct within it that reaches
 and towers,
 And climbs to a soul in grass and
 flowers"*

the Crusader with his finely balanced Catholic training will plan for a happy admixture of work and play during the long days ahead.

With the "good old summer time" and its freedom from routine tasks, comes the opportunity to develop those mission ambitions crowded out by class time and scholastic activities during the school year: daily Mass and Holy Communion and longer hours of reflection for those thinking about their vocation. And for those confirmed to the lay apostolate, those entrancing social devices—candy and sandwich sales, sales of old newspapers and magazines, gardening for profit, the vacation "job" with its ten per cent set aside for God.

BROTHERS-IN-ARMS

LETTERS from students of no less than six sister seminaries have come bringing the cheery news of many fervent prayers, and mite boxes bearing the testimony of countless little hidden sacrifices in lives in which worldly pleasures are few, but made with glad hearts for their brothers already in the vanguard of Christ, with banners unfurled and their swords flashing truth in ramparts beyond the Christian pale.

BONBONS FOR US

WITH pleasant frequency, the deeds of heroic generosity which we record come from the brave hearts and strong souls of our gentler Crusaders.

Bonbons, chocolates, sundaes, matinees, and, no doubt, a few new hats and gloves helped to gather the splendid check for \$200 sent by the students of the Sacred Heart Academy, Kenwood, Albany, N. Y.

CHINESE AND TENNESSEE'S

OUR June mail brings us gratifying confirmation of the catholicity of the mission interests of Crusaders. We learn that those who are concerned for our welfare and for the spreading of the Word in fields afar, are also lending a hand and the fruit of their labors to mission needs at home.

In a letter which brings the ransom money for a little Chinese soul comes the gladdening news that those gentle Crusaders are helping to support a student who is fast approaching ordination and his labor for Christ in the difficult mountains of Tennessee. May the dear Sacred Heart sharpen their sickles already so keen for the white harvest!

*"O just and faithful knight of God
 Ride on! the prize is near."*



"THE UNSEEN BOY" AT ST. MICHAEL'S SCHOOL, CLEVELAND
 This Maryknoll play, presented by Junior missionaries and attended by their S.P.F. Director, netted \$50 for the Cause

AS IF DEPOSITING IN A BANK

Circles

[A Maryknoll Mission Circle is a group of persons, young or old, who aim to cultivate in themselves and others a knowledge of Catholic foreign missions, to pray for the mission cause, and to help provide for the special needs of Maryknoll, at home and in the mission field. Circles formed in a parish are urged to secure the approval of their pastors and are requested to send their offerings through the diocesan mission office where such exists.]

Address

Circle Director, Maryknoll, N. Y.

THOUGH St. Margaret's Circle of New York City is the most recent addition to our big family of Circle apostolic partners, its members have already sent to Maryknoll the welcome gift of seventy-five dollars, for catechist support.

From St. Robert Circle of Newark, N. J., came also a generous sum for catechist support, and Mass intentions. Maryknoll has need of many Mass intentions, since it endeavors to supply to each of its one hundred and thirty priests three hundred Masses a year. The Maryknoll priests offer Mass habitually on Fridays for our benefactors.

Elsewhere in this issue is an article dealing with Maryknoll's first Catechist School in the Orient, and emphasizing the fact that the catechist need is a great and pressing one. In the Maryknoll Missions of China, the monthly salary of a native catechist is fifteen dollars. In Korea, where living expenses are higher, a minimum monthly wage of twenty dollars is required.

The members of the Little Flower Circle of Milwaukee, Wisc., have given strong encouragement to our Sisters in Korea. Within the past few months, they have sold for the Maryknoll Sisters a large quantity of the linens embroidered by Korean women and girls at the Yeng You Mis-

THREE FOR ONE

The ever-popular THOUGHTS FROM MODERN MARTYRS may now be had in a pleasing paper cover at thirty-five cents. Three copies, one dollar, postpaid.

sion Industrial School. The Industrial School has brought many spiritual benefits to those employed there, and a market for its products will mean a widening of its influence and activities.

Fr. Dietz, one of Maryknoll's mission pioneers, is at present in Milwaukee. The Little Flower Circle plans to organize a "Ban-



PUSHING AHEAD ON A CIRCLE

quet" before Fr. Dietz's return to the Orient, at which he will be the guest of honor, and the recipient of a substantial gift for his work among the Chinese.

Were it not for the spiritual and financial aid of interested friends in the homeland, our missionaries could accomplish little among over seventeen million pagans in Maryknoll's five mission fields of the Orient.

Le Petit Auxiliaire of New York City, a group of young girls zealous for the mission cause, holds each year a Card Party for Maryknoll. This year the Card

NEEDED IN FIELDS AFAR

Kitchen utensils:

Frying pans, pots, colanders, baking dishes, rolling pins, paring knives, bread and carving knives.

Sewing articles:

Thread, pins, needles, scissors, emery, hooks and eyes.

An S-O-S for shoe laces has also reached the Circle Director's desk.



"Oh, for faith in prayer! for only faith in prayer! for faith in simple prayer! and the interests of Jesus shall spread like a beneficent conquest all over the world, and the glory of God shall cover the earth."
(Father Faber)

Have you seen our new edition of
DAILY PRAYERS FOR MISSIONS
?

We will send a copy free, if you will enclose your address, with a two-cent stamp. If you wish to distribute quantities, you may have fifty for seventy-five cents.

Field Afar Office Maryknoll, N. Y.

Party netted the fine sum of one hundred dollars, and a check for that amount reached our hilltop, accompanied by a welcome note which read, "To be applied where the need is greatest."

A stringless shoe can halt your walk, but a stringless gift makes Maryknoll go.

The supply of dish towels ran very low recently, and the Procurator breathed a sigh of relief when the Mary Carroll Guild of New York City came to our aid with a "shower" of the missing articles.

The generosity of Circles has enabled Maryknoll to provide its "family" of over eight hundred with household supplies.

The Théophane Vénard Circle of Worcester, Mass., is sponsoring a Room in the Mother-House which our Sisters are building. God has inspired many young American women to offer themselves for the mission work of Maryknoll, we are confident that He will also inspire among our friends the desire to provide a shelter for these spouses of Jesus Christ, the First Missioner.

DOLLAR BOOKS

This modest sum will purchase an interesting and inspiring biography, well written and well made and substantially bound in cloth. There are six subjects, and any or all will make acceptable gifts.

AN AMOUNT ON WHICH YOU WILL RECEIVE

Smiles



At the receiving table

WE here renew our grateful acknowledgment of gifts of money and in kind, and of new subscriptions to THE FIELD AFAR, which came last month from:

Alabama, Arizona, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Florida, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New Mexico, New York, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Tennessee, Texas, Washington, West Virginia, Wisconsin, Wyoming, Canada, and several foreign countries.

Last month, three thousand six hundred and sixty-eight new names were entered on our FIELD AFAR subscription list.

The new stencils were filed by certain eager young Sisters, who as they put each one into its place, breathed a prayer that it might stay there.

If yours was one of the stencils thus welcomed, make that prayer effective. Stay with us!

The Boston office of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith completed a donation of five thousand dollars which will enable our Bishop Walsh to erect a chapel in Sunning City, South China. This city stands in the very heart of the emigration region, and for generations has sent thousands of its sons over-seas. The majority of these Chinese have returned to their homeland with the impression that there are no Catholics in the United States; an erroneous

idea which will be dispelled by the presence of the Catholic chapel, built with American funds, and of its American Maryknoll priests.

Two gifts, of one hundred and eighty dollars each, ensured for a year the salary of two native catechists in Maryknoll fields, and were thereby a guarantee of numerous souls garnered in through these zealous workers for the Master of the Harvest.

Generous sums were also received for the support of native seminarians. If Maryknoll already has more than one hundred Chinese and Korean aspirant priests in the seminaries of its various fields, it is because apostolic hearts in the homeland have been touched with the desire to aid in this vital work of training other Christs for lands still pagan.

Among other mission gifts, some mounted into three figures. An offering which we found especially gratifying came from a friend in Massachusetts for our Fushun mission dispensary in Manchuria. Bro. Benedict's devoted services in this dispensary have been rich in spiritual results, and it is good to know that material means are at hand to carry on this fine mission activity.

Two of our Burses received notable additions, ever-welcome stringless gifts were entered on our list, and student aid was not forgotten. As the number of our aspirant missionaries increases in our Major Seminary and the three Maryknoll Preparatory Colleges, we shall be obliged to rely more and more for the expenses of their sustenance on friends who feel that Christ desires them to do their share in the training of American apostles for pagan lands.

Three wills matured during the month, and six others were announced. Remembrances in wills, we are pleased to say, are becoming more frequent, and we cannot but feel hopeful that this kind of help will be even greater as Maryknoll and its work become better and more widely known.

IN MEMORIAM

MARYKNOLL asks a remembrance in your prayers for Andrew A. Caffrey; Luke Shields; H. H. Geselbracht; James Keller; Mrs. P. H. Kiernan; and Mrs. Michael Markham, deceased parents and relatives of Maryknollers, and for the souls of the following deceased benefactors and friends:

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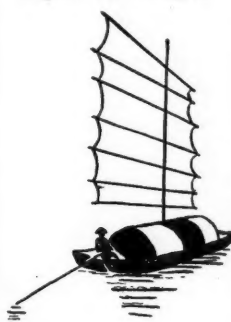
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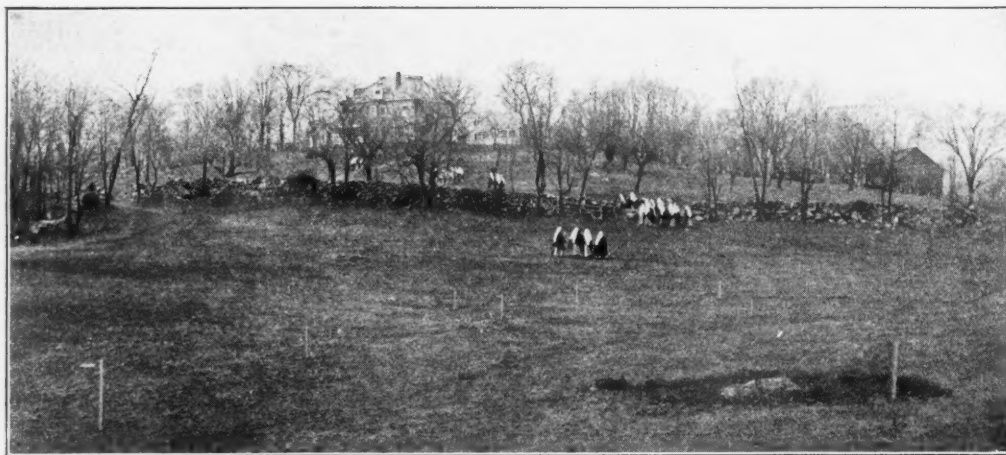


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